

CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

Vol. V. No. 25

TORONTO, ONT., APRIL 18, 1924

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Mah Nishtanoh

BY

RABBI B. R. BRICKNER

Contributing Editor

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CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

AN IMPARTIAL MEDIUM FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF JEWISH NEWS AND VIEWS

G. W. Cohen, Managing Editor

Rabbi B. R. Brickner, Contributing Editor

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Editorial

MAH NISHTANOH, OR WHEREIN ARE WE DIFFERENT?

In the last few generations since the effects of emancipation are beginning to show themselves on the Jew, it has become the slogan in certain quarters to prove "by signs and wonders" that "the Jews are just like their neighbors" and that they have "become like the nations of the earth." In America we are Americans, in Canada Canadians, in England Englishmen, in France Frenchmen. Jews we are supposed to be only in the Ghetto. We are encouraged to believe that, even if you submitted Americanized, Canadianized, Anglicized Jews to a microscopic examination and compared them part for part with their non-Jewish neighbors, you would find no difference between them.

Oh yes—we almost forgot to mention—there is a difference which is universally admitted, and that is, in religion. But there, too, the modern Jew has made so many efforts to bring his religion into consonance with the times that some even deign to speak of religious differences as negligible. This sort of talk finds vigorous assertion, particularly in those circles where "brotherhood" and "better understanding" are preached as the new millenium-bringing gospel.

And here, in the midst of all this talk, comes Passover with its quaint ceremonial and ritualism of Mazoth, Seder and the "Mah Nishtanoh," which the youngest child in the family recites on the first night of Passover, asking with an innocent, sincere query, "Tell me, Father, wherefore and wherein is this night different from all other nights?" And as he asks his "four questions," his older and more sophisticated brothers and sisters, home from college and boarding school, suffering, perchance, from a few anti-Semitic rebuffs and disappointments which they keep locked in their breasts, think and feel like asking, wherefore are we Jews different from all other peoples? or why do the Goyim (Gentiles) insist on considering us different?

It is high time that this puerile buncombe, this talk that the Jew is not different from the non-Jew, stopped. The Jew is different, and no amount of saccharine talk about "brotherhood" and "better understanding" is going to wipe away the difference. It is more upright and honest to admit the truth, seeing that we are not responsible for our grandparents, from whom we fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, inherit more than some of us might have chosen to have bequeathed to us, had the choice been ours. Besides, we are proud of our difference and not ashamed of it.

Another thing, too, is essential, and that is that brotherhood does not imply nor involve either physical homogeneity or mental uniformity. Brothers and sisters of the same father and mother often differ, not only in physical appearance, but most always differ in temperament, character and mental abilities. Why should this be less true in the case of peoples and races? Though we acknowledge a common God, who is Father of all men, this recognition should not lead us to jump to the puerile conclusion that the millenium will come when all flesh has become one, physically, mentally and religiously. Personally, we detest this stupid, unscientific, untheologic gospel of standardization, which passes under the guise of a certain childish conception of brotherhood which milk-fed preachers preach. We would rather not be here when that blight of physical, mental and spiritual uniformity and sameness comes to pass. We prefer to live in an age when individual difference and individuation and where personality is stressed as the *sine qua non* of life. This is the natural and desirable consequence of education; as education becomes more general people will become more highly individualized. But the individuation that we emphasize is not meant for selfish aggression and acquisitiveness, but for the sake of a greater and higher sociability and sociality. In a world and age where the creative possibilities of each personality are developed, people will live not for what they can get out of life, but for what they can put back into life, by virtue of what they have received. In this respect, then, differences mean enlarged personalities that are a blessing and not a handicap to brotherhood.

The Jewish group, we have asserted, is different. Wherein does this difference con-

The difference between Jew and non-Jew, living in the modern world of free and full contact with one another, no longer consists in the mere externalities of life, such as dress or even food. We all wear the same stock advertized, popular make and style suits, shoes, shirts, hats and collars. We eat at the same restaurants, enjoy the same foods and ride in the same cars. The blight of standardization has made us look as near alike as our peculiar physiognomies and forms will permit. We even have the same stock ideas as they apply to politics and business. We exchange the same stock witticisms on the weather, women, prohibition, etc. Why not? Don't we learn from the same books, at the same schools, read the same papers, see the same movies, go to the same "shows," hear the same comedians?

Wherein, then, do we differ? It lies in the things which are internal, mental, spiritual and cultural.

The Jews—whether the anthropologists call them a nation or a race does not matter—are descendent from a common ancestry, that is, relatively speaking, purer-blooded than most races or nations living to-day. The Jew has a face and form that is characteristic of his race. The Jew is brought up with a sense of racial consciousness and pride that is even keener than that of the Scotchman's. He is hemmed about by many ceremonies and rituals which he is urged to observe in order to keep his racial character pure. Inter-marriage is frowned upon because it means racial extinction if it were practiced on a wholesale scale. The racial factor is important, not because of any boast of superiority, but because those born Jews inherit an instinctive endowment and a mental skewness that is *different* from other peoples'. This instinctive and mental inheritance, which makes the Jew principally a head worker and not a hand worker, is well known. It is responsible for the Jews' ability to adapt and adjust to all sorts and conditions of life, without being absorbed and extinguished. It is marked by a certain ambition to succeed, by tenacity of will, which is known by the biblical phrase "stiff-neckedness." It gives the Jew certain spiritual and intellectual powers for which he has become marked.

Religiously, the Jew is distinct from his neighbor. His feasts and fasts, his Sabbaths and new moons, his prayers and house of

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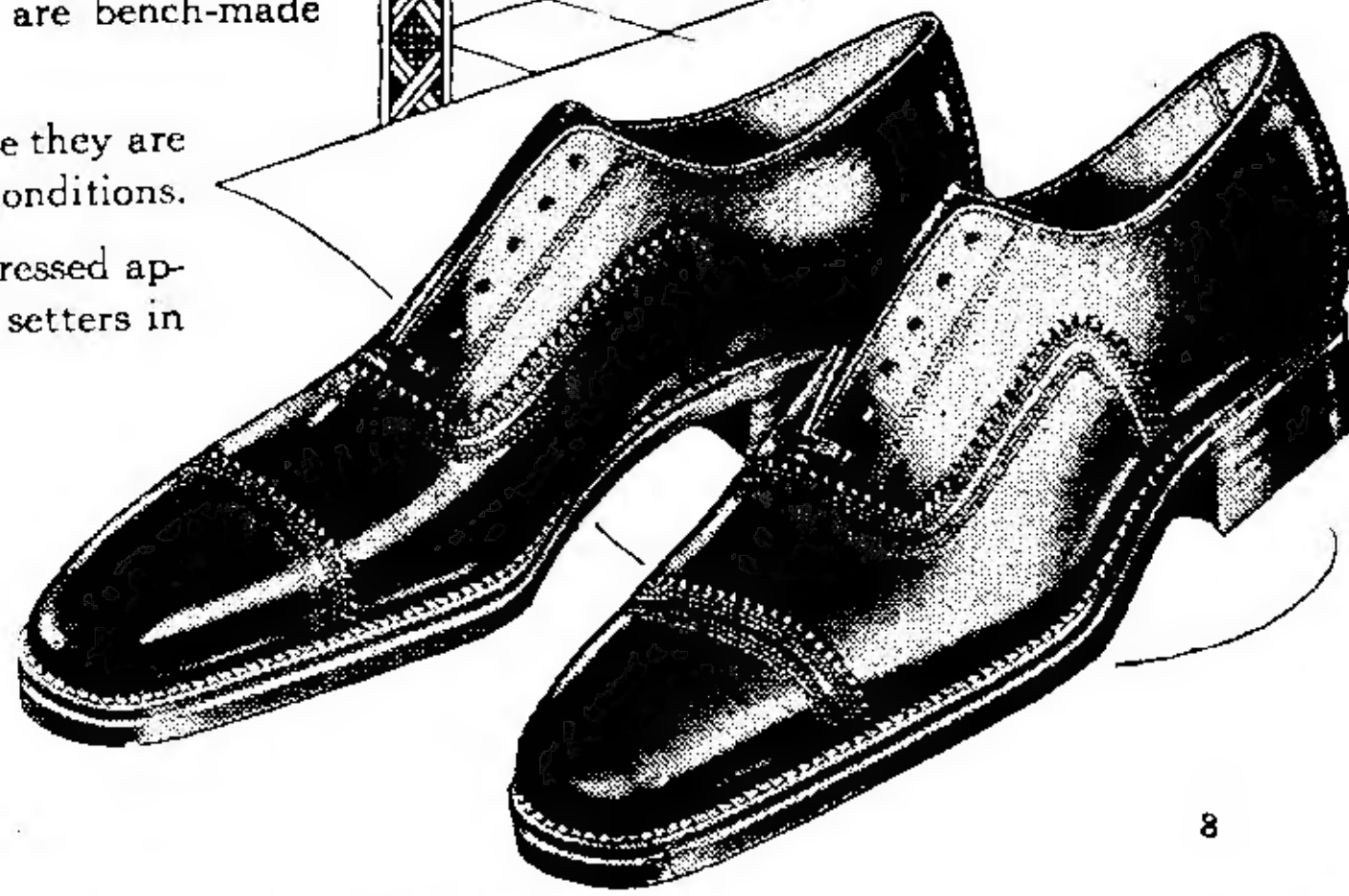
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The Jew has a literature, a philosophy, a body of religious law, a language, a history; in a word, a civilization and a culture that is some three thousand years old, and is decidedly different from his neighbors'. Strangely enough this culture is not the result altogether of ghetto living. The flowers in the garden of our culture are the product of those times and places when the Jew lived in freedom and in full intimacy and contact with his neighbors. Witness Palestine, Alexandria, Babylon, Spain, Holland.

The Jew has always, because of his contact with the cultures of the world, brought the beauty of Japhet into the tents of Shem and thus enriched his own culture. The synthesizing of cultures is not new to the Jew. He is a genius at it.

The story of Passover illustrates a desire of the Jew to live a life, not under slavery, where one is at best a copy of his master, but in freedom, where one can be himself, his whole self. Only when one is himself can one cooperate and synthesize. Co-operation means not the absorption of one by the other, but the working together of two individuals or groups, each of whom is distinct and different, but who, for the sake of a common object, agree to give the best that is in each one of them in order to attain this common goal.

The Jew is different, but not all Jews appreciate it. Some Jews have so lost

a sense of values that they place the externalities higher than the internal things of life. They make materialism represent the Jew, whereas spirituality has ever been our badge. "Thou shalt be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." Thus the Lord our God has spoken to us from the deserts of Sinai even to the wilderness of today. To be different is our mission in life. But not merely for the sake of being different. The latter sort of difference makes us unintelligible to our neighbors and unfaithful to our history. To be different means so to live as to teach by example as well as precept, that our God is a God demanding righteousness, justice, love and truth. This is the only justification for our separateness.

When the youngest child at the Seder table asks Mah Nishtanah?—"Wherefore is this night different from all other nights?" let us think wherefore are we different and wherein we shall remain different from our neighbors.

When the Jew has ceased to regard this being different as worth while and worthy of his sacrifice, then are we doomed. In retaining those differences which are worth while, we declare that we refuse to become like the salt of the earth that dissolves and disappears, but rather be "a light unto the Gentiles." Our separateness is not a hindrance to true brotherhood—it is a valuable aid.

Barnett R. Brickner

SPECIAL COUNCIL OF AMERICAN HEBREW CONGREGATIONS WILL MEET IN CHICAGO

New York (J.T.A.).—A special council of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations will open in Chicago on April 13. All arrangements for this conference are now complete, and sessions will be held at the Congress Hotel. It is expected that there will be approximately 500 delegates, representing Reform congregations of America. Mr. Julius Rosenwald will act as temporary chairman.

The Chicago Council is being called to consider among other things the question of financing the Union's activities, which include the Hebrew Union College, Department of Synagogue and School Extension, Board of Delegates on Civil Rights, National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, and the National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods. It is also proposed to amend the constitution, calling for an assessment on congregational expenditures as the method of securing a regular income for the Union, one of the advocates of this plan being Judge Horace Stern of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia.

PALESTINE TELEGRAPHIC AGENCY TO SERVE JEWISH PRESS

New York (J.T.A.).—The Palestine Telegraphic Agency will serve the Jewish press of the United States through the medium of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency which has been appointed its sole representative in the United States.

The Palestine Telegraphic Agency, which was established eight months ago,

throughout the Mid-East, and has special representatives in Jaffa, Haifa, Cairo, Beyrouth and other important Mid-East centres.

Through this new arrangement between the Palestine Telegraphic Agency and the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, important exhaustive reports on economic, political and social developments in Palestine and the Mid-East will be available to the Jewish press here.

ACTS OF VIOLENCE INCREASING IN PALESTINE

Jerusalem (J.T.A.).—Mr. and Mrs. Stransky, of Czechoslovakia, who were touring the world on foot, were attacked and robbed, early Thursday morning, by Arabs, at their camping place between Nablus and Jenin. Mr. Stransky died of his wounds, while his wife is in a critical position. The two murderers have been arrested.

Another attack was made Thursday night. Two Jews, who were returning home with their wives from a village near Jerusalem, were attacked and seriously wounded. One is in a dying condition.

SYRIAN ENVOY IN NEW YORK ATTACKS ZIONISM

New York (J.T.A.).—The Zionists were attacked by Dr. Abdurrahman S. Shahbender of Damascus, a Syrian, at a dinner given at the Hotel Astor Thursday night by the National Independence Party of Syria in New York, and the Palestine National League. Dr. Shahbender was making a plea for American support to establish a united and independent Syria.

"Syria to-day is torn into three separate parts, ruled by three different governments," he said. "Each uses a different language and a different civilization. France is in the north, England with the Zionists in the south, and our kinsmen in Transjordan."

"Great Britain is using the Jews as a buffer between the French in the north and the

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The Refugee

By JOSEPH KRIMSKY

(By special permission of The Menorah Journal)

EDITORIAL NOTE: The following is substantially a true story which has been observed by the author in his capacity as a physician and relief worker both here and in Eastern Europe. We publish this human document the more readily at the present time, in view of the agitation for the further restriction of immigration now pending before Congress.

SCENE 1

Rumanian-Russian frontier. A narrow path running through a forest. In the background a river flowing between wooded banks. In the distance on the opposite shore smoke rises above the tree tops and the sky is lurid with the ruddy light of a conflagration. It is night, but the red glow illumines the forest and paints the river crimson.

A human form appears, slowly and painfully climbing the slope of the river bank. He comes forward and seats himself exhausted on a fallen tree. His clothes are torn and ragged, his face, hands and knees are scratched and bleeding.

NATHAN (muttering). Still burning... still burning. Lord God, why don't You send down Your torrents on the flames? Why don't You send down Your lightning on the human beasts? Those beasts of prey in Your image, O God. These eyes have seen hell let loose—demons sacrificing to Satan, demons slaughtering and defiling. These eyes have seen it... are still seeing it... Nothing was spared, nothing sacred. The nursing babe at the breast of its mother, the venerable rabbi over his holy book, the innocent virgin—their blood flowed together. The gutters were clogged; the dogs and swine fought over the mangled dead and dying. These ears have heard the laughter of hell—a joyous red laughter—while the victims pleaded and prayed. How is it that I am here? The escape from the drunken mob, the plunge into the Dniester, the mutilated corpses floating about... Shot at from both banks—given up for dead—hours in the icy water—now here. (Shivers and moans with pain.) Perhaps I shall soon wake up again near the warm stove in the Beth Hamedrish. The old shammash will prod me with his foot—"Get up, you lazy one; time for morning prayers." But there are no more morning prayers for the old shammash... See how he falls choking with his blood, clutching the *Sepher Torah* to his heart. The Beth Hamedrish is burning, it is a mass of fire. They are driving men and women into the flames—they are flinging in little children—the devils—the beasts. (Sways from side to side, moaning. Suddenly he remains as one frozen; listens.) Footsteps—they are coming. (Crouches behind a tree. Voices are heard, approaching. Enter a patrol of Rumanian soldiers, talking and laughing.)

FIRST SOLDIER. Yesterday we put about fifty of them into a boat and ordered them to row back or we would shoot. You should have seen them crying and praying and kissing our hands to let them stay. But we shoved them off. They drifted downstream and when they were in the middle of the river we commenced firing. You should have seen the fun. (Roars with laughter.) Many of them threw themselves into the water. Then the boat capsized, but we kept right on popping away. Pretty soon there wasn't a live Jew left of the lot. (A muffled groan from behind the tree.) Did you hear that?

SECOND SOLDIER. (Listening for a moment.) No, you're drunk.

FIRST SOLDIER. I could have sworn I heard something. They say this wood is haunted. (Crosses himself.) Our priest tells us that all the Jews are Bolsheviks; they have robbed the Russian churches and murdered the priests and nuns. Now they are planning to do the same thing here in Rumania, a curse upon them. We must

SECOND SOLDIER. Have you heard about Captain Tanesco? Last week a pack of Jews were smuggled across the river at Soroka. Tanesco got a big lump of gold for the job. I saw them when they came in. Most of them were pretty well beaten up, and what the Ukrainians left undone our boys finished. It was better than a dance. The Jew women scratched and bit like wildcats, but we soon had them clubbed into submission. Except one of them—a girl of about twenty—she was the fiercest of the lot—and such a beauty. I've never yet set eyes on the likes of her. Tanesco dragged her into his tent, but he came out mighty quick with a piece of his cheek missing, and bleeding like a stuck pig. The girl staggered out after him; her face was like chalk. She tried to run, but couldn't get very far, and fell. Tanesco was as mad as a raging bull. I don't blame him. He grabbed a whip and began flogging her. She didn't utter a whimper—the devil was in that girl—but you should have heard the racket the other Jews made. Holy Mother! We had to shoot a few of them to quiet the mob. Tanesco kept right on—whip—whip—whip—until he had no more breath or strength. When we picked the girl up she was dead. Damned witch.

FIRST SOLDIER. A hateful, miserable crew. They are the cause of all our troubles. I heard the teacher in our village say that the Jews are hoarding all the wealth in the world and that is why there is so much famine and suffering.

SECOND SOLDIER. Yes, but we are making them pay now, the Christ-killers. (They go out laughing drunkenly.)

NATHAN. (Drags himself out of his hiding place.) Yes, they are making us pay—dearly—for being Jews. Such a payment—and they laugh. (He sinks down on the ground and closes his eyes. Sleeps. Enter two middle-aged Jews carrying lanterns. They see Nathan on the ground and bend over him with their lanterns.)

FIRST JEW. Another one of those unhappy Ukrainian refugees. Oh, those pogroms, those pogroms! God save our people from such a fate here in Rumania.

SECOND JEW. Amen. What shall we do with this poor fellow? We cannot leave him here to die. He looks half dead already.

FIRST JEW. But you know what blood money we have to pay when these wretched unfortunates are found in our homes. And very often we are beaten in the bargain for giving them shelter. Lord, Lord, when will Thy help come? (Shakes Nathan gently by the shoulder.) Wake up, young man. Wake up. This is no place to sleep. Wake up.

NATHAN. (Starts up in terror.) Have mercy, do not drive me back. (Recognizes Jews and quiets down.) Thank God—brethren—flesh of our flesh. I took you for pogromchiks. Forgive me. (Closes his eyes wearily.)

FIRST JEW. This will not do. We must get him away at once. (They raise Nathan up from the ground.) Courage, young man. The God of Israel sleeps not. He will yet come to our rescue. He will yet punish our enemies. Have faith. Have faith. (They go out half leading, half carrying Nathan between them.)

SCENE 2

A refugee house in Bucharest. An old, abandoned factory building used as a shelter for the Ukrainian refugees. The huge room is filled with cots, bedding, bundles, and men, women and children. On a bare table of boards are scraps of black bread and other remnants of a very meagre meal. In a corner a man enveloped in a talis is chanting a prayer. Near the window of the room are a few women squatting on bundles, mending clothes. On one of the cots a young woman is sitting with a baby in her arms,



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softly. Several other women are standing about her.

YOUNG MOTHER. Poor little bird, poor little bird, how he suffers! Look at his eyes. He seems to plead with me to help him. The doctor was here yesterday. Says nothing can be done except nourishment. My milk is poison to him, the doctor says. I am sick, I must not nurse him. I still feel the blows—I awake at night and grab my baby and start to run—just as I did then... Often I find myself again cowering in the dark attic of our little home, choking my baby against my breast to keep him from crying out—and through a crack in the floor I see them torturing my husband to make him tell where he has hidden us... Night after night these visions come to me... I don't remember how long we lay in hiding. A friendly old peasant woman smuggled us out. I asked, "Where is my husband?" Nobody told me. Why don't you people tell me where he is? What has become of him? (Rocks the baby in her arms and

AN OLD WOMAN. (Shaking her head sadly.) Poor thing, poor thing! Don't grieve so much and your milk will improve. You are killing your baby by crying all the time. Look at me. I am not even granted the comfort of tears. Dry are my eyes like dried-up wells. There are no dreams nor visions in my nights, for there is no sleep. A few days ago I was a wife, a mother, a grandmother—and now, like Job, I am bereft of everything. The Lord has seen fit to take everything from me. He giveth. He taketh away. Blessed be His Name. Who are we to grumble and complain? I am very old. This pain will not last long—and then I will see them again—all my precious ones. I will hold them in my arms. The good Lord has tried us with sorrow. He will reward us with eternal life and joy.

A YOUNG MAN. You, with your everlasting Lord God! He tortures you like a miserable insect and you thank him for it. Or perhaps he has nothing to do with it at all. Perhaps we are but like

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just a wind and blind chance—and chaff driven hither and thither.

OLD WOMAN. You sin, young man. You sin with your lips. May God forgive you.

AN OLD MAN. Here we have been for so many weeks and no hope of getting away. Do they want to send us back to hell? Why don't they visa our passports and let us go on? We shall die here of the filth and vermin and rotten food. My son in America has been cabling and writing, but it does no good. The Consul has plenty of time.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN. It is a week since he shut his doors in our faces and went off into the country. He says he is sick. Such a healthy-looking young man!

YOUNG MAN. We are but homeless Jews. Why should he bother about us? Far, far away is America—the Land of Promise. Very near is Ukraine—and pogroms. Every hour of waiting is torment, but we have to wait. The Consul must not work too hard. He might strain his delicate health. He can only visa a few passports a day. Then the bureau is closed, until tomorrow—and tomorrow—and tomorrow.

NATHAN. (Enters hurriedly, holding out a passport in his hand.) I have good news, wonderful news. I have got my

to-day. The Consul is in a good mood. There is a great official here from America—a very friendly man. The bureau is terribly busy. Our passports are all being visaed. It is a salvation from Heaven. (The refugees exclaim with joy; some embrace each other; a few of the men wrap themselves in their talis and pray.) We shall be saved—we shall be happy. Think of it—soon, very soon, we shall be on our way. No more waiting for days at the Consul's door. No more fear of being sent back across the bloody Dniester. We shall soon be marching—one-two-three, one-two-three, to America—to freedom—to peace. (Sinks down on the ground overcome with emotion. The women sob for joy; the men pray.)

SCENE 3

The steerage deck of an ocean steamer covered with boxes, bundles and bales. The immigrants are sitting and walking about on deck. In the distance looms the Statue of Liberty through the mist. Nathan and Daniel (a boy of six) are sitting on a coil of rope. Nathan is whistling a figure out of wood.

DANIEL. What a funny face he has and such a big nose and such long legs! (Laughs with delight.)

NATHAN. Yes, I am afraid he is no

He was born like that, and will go through life like that, and some there will be who will sneer at him, and some who will despise him, and many will hate him, and a few, perhaps, will love him—just like your Uncle Nathan—eh, Danny? A funny, queer, strange man.

DANIEL. Look, Uncle Nathan, what is that great big statue over there?

NATHAN. That is the Statue of Liberty, Danny. You look puzzled. You wonder what it means—Statue of Liberty. Well, you see, liberty—that means to be free, to be safe, to live your life and think your thoughts and utter your feelings without being afraid of being clapped into prison or whipped or sent to Siberia. You have to be an honest man, Danny, and obey the laws of the land. That's all that is expected of you in America and that is what is called liberty.

DANIEL. It must be a wonderful country, Uncle Nathan. I shall be so happy to live there and have my daddy with me again. I feel so lonely since my mother is gone. But you have been so good to me ever since we met and you became my uncle. (Puts his little arms fondly about Nathan's neck.)

NATHAN. (Very much affected.) But you must never forget your Uncle Nathan, Danny. I shall go out into the

out in the great open country where there are dense forests and wide steppes and clear streams just like the land where I was born. Strange, how I still love that land, in spite of all that I have suffered there. But the fields and woods are not to blame. When I was a little boy like you, Danny, I was at home in all the nooks and corners of the forest near our village. I spent the wonderful summer days swimming in the little river that goes meandering through the meadows. I romped and played in the fields like one of the little animals. I was at home with them. And so I grew up and was happy until troubles began to come. I was an only child and lost my father and mother when I was still very young. But the Lord and kind people took care of me until I became big and strong and could care for myself. And then the storm broke over our heads and laid waste everything and drove me out like a wounded, hunted animal. So here we are, Danny, you and I, on the way to a better world. There is the Statue of Liberty—now you know what it means—liberty. See how she looks at us like a kind, strong mother. And she holds a lamp high above her head. That is to guide us in so that we do not stray away and get lost. (Enter a deck steward, shouting.)

DECK STEWARD. All form a line for the doctor's examination. (The immigrants hurriedly form in line. The doctor comes in, a formidable-looking man in U. S. uniform, accompanied by a ship officer.)

DANIEL. (Clinging close to Nathan.) I am so afraid, Uncle Nathan. They will not keep me from my daddy, will they?

NATHAN. (Standing upright, holding Daniel by the hand.) Don't fear, Danny. This is an American. He will not harm us. He will only examine us and then they will let us pass. (The immigrants huddle together in an uneven line. The doctor walks along coldly and sternly inspects them. A lively American tune is heard from a passing steamer.)

SCENE 4

The detention pen at Ellis Island. A large, bare, squalid chamber closed off on one side by bars like a cage. Light filters in through dusty grated windows placed high up in the walls. The floor is littered with fruit peelings, scraps of paper and other rubbish. Against one of the walls is placed a long wooden bench, on which are seated some immigrants, gloomy and despondent. Others are standing about talking in low voices.

YOUNG MOTHER. (Rocking her baby in her arms.) Soon we shall leave this prison, little birdie. We shall fly out into the air and sunshine. How wonderful it will be, little baby mine. Sunshine, golden sunbeams playing on your curls, on your cheeks, making you smile, making your mother laugh with joy. (Pauses.) Ah, but when shall it be? When shall it be?

OLD WOMAN. (Raising her face from her prayer book.) We must hope and pray. God will not forsake His people. At the last moment I know there will come help and we shall be saved. (Resumes praying.)

YOUNG MAN. Foolish women—praying and sobbing, gabbling and praying. I see a heavy darkness closing in on us. It is not for naught that we have been detained in this prison so long. The quota is overfilled; all this praying and weeping is useless. We shall be sent back. My heart tells me so.

DANIEL. (Holding Nathan tightly by the hand.) It is not true; is it, Uncle Nathan? I don't want to go back on that smelly ship. I want to go to my Daddy.

NATHAN. I can't believe it, Danny. It couldn't be true. You see, this is America. We are actually standing on American ground and America will not throw us out like worthless baggage. We are helpless human beings and behind us are raging wild beasts. America knows all that. America has helped us with money and food and clothing. America has always been a haven of refuge for the persecuted and disinherited. It is so recorded in history. You will read all that in your books, Danny, as soon as you start coming to

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Time was when an English-Jewish newspaper could sit quietly at home and clip the best material in the world and use it as original stuff without giving credit. Alas! those days are gone when people exercise such vigilance as the *Jewish Forum* does. A letter from the *Forum*, per one I. Rosengarten, editor, reminds us this week that the *CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW*, in a recent issue of the Junior REVIEW Section, "reprinted a poem entitled 'Angel Among Angels,' by Alter Abelson, without giving credit to the *Jewish Forum* for same." You can be sure these fellows read everything when they take to the children's pages to see what they can ferret out in the way of stuff purloined, however innocently. In response to request we are making correction but we refuse to send marked copy as well. Here it is! Let them try and find it.

* * *

The Ku Klux Klan of Southern New Jersey is supporting Harry Bacharach, a Jew, for the office of mayor of Atlantic City, in opposition to the present incumbent, a Catholic, both men being candidates for election, May 13. Thus has the Klan come down in the world when caught between the devil and the deep blue sea!

* * *

"Judging by the types which they elect to represent them, there are some parts of the country which would be considerably improved if they were assimilated by an immigration of energetic foreigners or, at least, had more of the stimulus of immigrant competition to develop their minds."

This is a clipping from a *Buffalo Express* editorial on the asininity of United States congressmen and the things they say in their speeches on immigration. Newspapers talk this way when their business depends upon such foreigners as Poles, Italians, Germans and Jews, as in Buffalo. Under similar conditions even the *Toronto Telegram* could strike such a pose, and may yet some day within our time, too.

* * *

Among the suspects lined up for inspection in connection with the Montreal hold-up of the Bank of Hochelaga's collection car and the murder of two men were fellows with such names as Gold, Horowitz and Feldman. These are names that *Saturday Night* and other papers opposed to Jewish immigration like to use in such a way as to do more harm to the cause of the Jew in Canada than thousands of quiet, industrious Jewish Canadians can counteract among a whole generation of them that hate already. There are other Jewish names in Canada that have stood for aristocratic lineage and deportment for many years, but they don't get into the pages of papers that make capital of the law-breaking, not the law-abiding.

* * *

At the Sisterhood Day of the Chicago Conference of Jewish Women's Organizations it was resolved that "the Sisterhoods be encouraged to place in office and upon their boards only such women as by their attendance at divine services manifest an interest in the religious life of the community."

As a result the rabbis are beaming on the Chicago Conference and anticipating a time when office in women's organizations will be merited first by regular attendance at synagogue instead of by mere popularity in social circles, regardless of indifference to religious services. This ought to please particularly Rabbi Herbert Goldstein, New York, who, appearing before a committee of the New York State Legislature, considering a Clean Book Bill recently, longed for the good old Puritan days when everybody belonged to a church."

The action of the Conference of Jewish Women's Organizations, like the good old Puritan days, may help church attendance but, just as the Puritan days did, may also foster intolerance of a kind. For among the gifts that accompany piety ability is not always one and might sometime happen that the most faithful church-goer might not make a capable officer and that a capable woman would be lost to office because she did not "manifest an interest" in divine service.

* * *

Rivka says: "One of the features of the Messianic age will be the collection of all pledges published but still unpaid."

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The Refugee

Continued from page 6

school. No people have ever undergone such suffering as we. And now to be sent back! To be cast out! It is unthinkable.

OLD WOMAN. God in His infinite mercy will not permit it.

YOUNG MOTHER. If they send us back, we shall surely die. *(Enter an Immigrant Aid official.)*

ALL. *(Excitedly.)* What news? Are we free? Shall we be allowed to land?

OFFICIAL. *(Sadly.)* Just give me a little time, please. I will tell you everything. The news is not very good. In fact it is bad, quite bad. I have just come from Washington. Our biggest people have been there, but all the doors were shut against us. The quota for Russian immigrants is full—will be full for the next four months. *(The immigrants stand as if struck dumb with de-*

port.) There is the American Consul's visa. America has permitted me to come here. I have waited many months for this seal. Here it is. It was well worth the long waiting, the hunger, the privation, the suffering. This stamp released me and brought me here. Why do you torment us with your evil news? There must be a mistake somewhere. It will be cleared up. Just a little patience—a little patience.

OLD WOMAN. Is there no mercy?

OFFICIAL. We have pleaded for mercy. No use.

YOUNG MAN. *(Bitterly.)* And where is your God that slumbereth not, neither doth He sleep? *(The old woman bows her head low over the prayer book lying open in her lap.)*

DANIEL. *(Crying.)* I won't go back. I want to go to my daddy. Uncle Nathan, take me to my daddy.

NATHAN. *(Who has been standing with sunken head and arms hanging limply at his sides like one listening to his sentence.)* Do you mean to tell us that we are to be sent back—deported? Man, do you know what you are saying? Where shall we go? We have no home, no friends anywhere except those who

port.) There is the American Consul's visa. America has permitted me to come here. I have waited many months for this seal. Here it is. It was well worth the long waiting, the hunger, the privation, the suffering. This stamp released me and brought me here. Why do you torment us with your evil news? There must be a mistake somewhere. It will be cleared up. Just a little patience—a little patience.

OFFICIAL. So you think you know more about it than I do? You're a smart young man, but you don't know it all. I tell you our Society has tried every means. So have other organizations. All in vain. The order has been issued. You are to be deported tomorrow.

YOUNG MOTHER. *(Weeping over her baby.)* They will kill us over there. Let us rather die here.

NATHAN. *(Wildly.)* I will not go back. I will not go back. The Diester is full of blood. . . . Don't drive me

children. . . . I feel the flames consuming me. . . . This is free America . . . land of my dreams. Drive us into the ocean, if you will. The sea will shelter us. . . . It is more merciful than man. Yonder is hell and flames and blood. I shall not go back. . . . Oh, no! Let me out . . . let me out. *(Beats with his fists against the bars of the gate.)*

DANIEL. *(Scries in terror.)* Uncle Nathan, Uncle Nathan, I am afraid. *(Two guards rush in and attempt to seize the half-crazed immigrant.)*

NATHAN. *(Struggling with the guards.)* Stand off, stand away. I have a visa—an American visa. I shall not be deported. *(He is overpowered by the guards and dragged out.)*

SCENE 5

Night. The steerage deck of an outgoing steamer. The lights of New York's skyscrapers gleam like tiny, bright windows in a lowering black wall. In the distance the faint outlines of the Statue of Liberty. The lights recede. Little Daniel sleeps on a bundle of clothes, his head in the Old Woman's lap. The faces of the immigrants are turned towards the city. Nathan stands alone at the rail of the vessel, gazing towards the shore. Now and again he peers down into the dark, swift current. Nathan climbs slowly over the ship's rail. He stands for a moment rigidly mute, his glance fixed on the disappearing land. The lights on the shore and the torch of the Statue vanish. Nathan bows his head and drops overboard. The muffled sound of a sailor's voice shouting: "Man overboard." The immigrants rush to the vessel's side, crying out in horror.

END

TWO JEWISH TOWNS IN POLAND SUFFER FROM FLOOD

Warsaw (J.T.A.).—The towns of Brest, famous for the Russian-German treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and Terespol, as well as surrounding districts, have been completely submerged by the overflowing of the rivers Bug and Muchowietz. It is practically impossible to send aid into the stricken regions, and the population is trying to find shelter on the roofs of the higher houses. Many lives have been lost by drowning. It is as yet impossible to estimate the damage, which is believed to be tremendous.

FORD AGENT, ACQUITTED FOR SECOND TIME BY HUNGARIAN COURT, TO BE TRIED AGAIN

Budapest (J.T.A.).—Titus de Bobula, declared by the local press to be the agent of Henry Ford in Europe, and Deputy Ulain, accused of an anti-Semitic Fascist conspiracy to overthrow the Hungarian Government simultaneously with the Hitler-Ludendorff putsch in Bavaria, have been acquitted by the Court of Appeals. The State Prosecutor has announced his intention of appealing this decision to the Supreme Court.

KLAN CREATES VIOLENCE IN MINING DISTRICT IN PENNSYLVANIA

Johnstown (J.T.A.).—Two men shot to death, two dying, twenty wounded, twenty-four members of the Ku Klux Klan in jail here, four residents of Lilly in jail at Ebensburg, was the situation to-day following the rioting and murder which broke out about midnight Saturday as the climax to a huge Klan demonstration in Lilly, a mining village twenty miles east of here.

The trouble started as the result of the expulsion from the United Mine Workers' Union of a number of members accused of being Klan members, the union officials claiming that it was against the rules of the union for its members to join the Klan.

AMERICAN PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO PALESTINE

Jerusalem (J.T.A.).—A group of American pilgrims, numbering several hundred, after visiting Rome, are on their

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The Seder

By MEYER LEVIN

(By special permission of The Menorah Journal)

"If you want it to eat, I will give you now."

Barney Berger, sprawled over the couch in a discontented attitude, looked up at his mother. He growled a negative under his breath.

"You want it?" She hovered diffidently over him.

"I said I'll wait!" he cried.

"All right, all right! You don't have to holler at me yet!"

A moment later from the kitchen could be heard the complaining monotony of the woman's voice. "Such a man! Such a man! On purpose he is doing it! Even on *Pesach* not to come home in time for the *Seder*! Is he making a million dollars that he should have to stay there in the store until at home everybody is starved? And as if he has to stay there! On purpose he does it! Every Sunday when it comes time for dinner, he is not here; even once in the week he should come home in time to have a meal with his children, no! Three o'clock, four o'clock, just so he should keep everybody waiting for him and they should see what a boss he is! And now on *yontif* the same thing. In other houses a man comes home early for the *Seder*; he even stays home all day, and he goes to *shool* with other men, like something of a person yet; but by me, such a man, ach! such a man!"

The words continued to pour out of her mouth. Barney stirred on the couch and dug his shoulders deeper into the sofa-pillow made of a coarse stuff like burlap, on which was pictured a dog sitting guard over a bone. God! What family! The same things, the same sounds, the same invectives, every Friday night and every Sunday afternoon, and now again. . . . Would she never tire of it? His father would come home, and she would be coldly aloof to the man, making references to her bladder trouble and how the doctor had told her yesterday it might get worse; making hints that Mendell was not true to her, that he spent these hours with "who knows whom?" . . . Ugh! And Mendell Berger would shrivel up within himself and mumble over his meat. For an evening they would not speak to each other. Tomorrow things would be better again. Barney knew how it went. Always the same way.

"Ma, I'll eat. I wanna go to a show." His little sister, Esther, went to the table.

"Each one I should have to feed separate! To a show she has to go! Every night in the week to the movies!" Nevertheless Mrs. Berger placed the food before Esther. The girl ate and left the house.

A little after eight o'clock Mendell Berger came in. His wife, seeing him in the hallway, turned around and stalked into the kitchen. Barney sat up on the couch. Only Sara, the older sister, sensing the disagreeable evening that was coming, and wanting to ward it off, arose and walked to her father. "Hullo, Pa," she said, with a frozen sort of jolliness. "Got something for me?"

"Yeh, yeh, only if I got something," mumbled Mendell Berger. He put his coat away and went to wash his hands. He left the bathroom door open and continued to mumble in a low undertone, yet with the intention that his wife should hear: "All day long I sit in the store and not a rat walks in. But the minute I want to go way, good-morning, they are here, my customers. Go, send them away! First one, then another, even while I'm hanging the lock on the door already. I should press his suit, and I have to go back and start the pressing machine again. Ach!" Thus he began making his excuses, offering the first attempts toward peace.

But he could hear the complaint of

walls, to the pink-painted ceiling. "Yeh, yeh! Sure! Always when he has to go away the customers rush in. On *yontif*, on a holiday, a man shouldn't be able to close an hour earlier. . . ."

Barney and Sara and Mendell sat down for the *Seder*. The room seemed wide and hollow and the table, at which five usually sat, seemed a huge flat area.

"Where is the small one?" said Mr. Berger, still attempting to preserve a semblance of good humor.

Mrs. Berger lowered a dark look on him. "All night she should sit and hunger for her supper? She ate and went away in a movie. For the *Seder* she should wait yet! She takes after her father."

Mr. Berger shrugged his shoulders with a wincing motion.

"Ach! All day and all night to lay in the movies! There is a limit yet!"

Mrs. Berger brought in the first Passover dish, the sliced boiled eggs in salt water, and sullenly placed it down on the edge of the table, out of anyone's reach, in order that they should have to get up and take it for themselves and not think she was a servant for them.

"Well," said her husband, "and a *Hagoda*?"

She started. She had forgotten to get a *Hagoda*. It hurt her, because this omission gave him a chance to find fault with her, and in that way to even up the quarrel. She had wanted to overwhelm him with her perfections, to keep the *Seder* perfect with every dish prescribed in the ceremony, to show him that he was unworthy of so goodly a housewife. And now he had discovered a fault.

"Every year it has to happen, every year the same thing, no *Hagoda*! Two, three, four, a dozen *Hagodas* I should buy and bring to the house, and all year they would lay around wherever I put a foot, but on *Pesach* she has cleaned them all out so you can't find a one. If she had told me, I could have bought one from a beggar that came in the store today. I had to give him a dime for nothing. But no, everything, she tells

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me, she has in the house. Only when it comes to it. . . .

Mrs. Berger had gone in search of the prayer book. She tumbled through the side board, through the book-cases on the sides of the fire-place, through the closets. At last she emerged in sombre triumph. She tossed the booklet on the table.

"Nah!" she said.

Mendell Berger thumbed over the pages, as if in search for the *kiddush* that he knew perfectly well came at the beginning of the book. "Let anyone who wishes to eat come here and eat."

He poured half a glass of wine. Somehow his heart seemed numb and he had no desire to drink the wine nor to say the prayer.

He thought of the *aficamen*, and of how when Esther was small he used to hide one cake of *matzos* at every *Seder*, and give her a penny if she could find it. First it used to be a penny, then a nickel, then a dime. . . . Under his nose were the bitter herbs, to remind him of

the sad times his ancestors had lived through in Egypt. . . .

Mr. Berger knew his son was looking at him. He wanted to throw up his head and shout, "What are you looking at? What are you laughing in yourself at? Am I a show that you should look at me?" He wanted to go into a long tirade, to cry out, "Here, you young bum, you needn't laugh at me yet! Go ahead, make fun of your father's religion, you who haven't got any at all! But you will see, wait yet, you will see. . . . Don't you think you are so smart, you with your education! Who gave you the education? Who. . . ."

"Oh, Pa, do we drink the wine now? When do we eat the *charosis*? What's the *charosis*?"

Sara was manifesting an intense interest. To her Mr. Berger wanted to shout, "Don't have to make up yet! Don't have to pity me yet!" But he poured her a glass of wine, and continued thumbing the *Hagoda*.

He was now at the place in the book where the four *kashes* should be asked. He looked up for a moment. Who should ask the *kashes*? He said nothing. He put the book aside, remembering also that he had neglected to recite the ten plagues. But why talk of old plagues? . . . They began to eat . . . fish, *gefilachts*, *farfel*, *tsimus* . . . one heavy course after another.

Barney was eating stolidly, with his eyes fast on the table-cloth. He did not know just what to do. It would be foolish for him to pretend an interest in the ceremony, to pretend that he felt any tie to the religion. Yet he knew a sympathy for his father. He wanted to show his father that he respected the whole thing, that he understood. . . . Barney went on eating stolidly.

Mrs. Berger kept bringing in the food to them, but herself ate from the kitchen table. "My queen!" thought Mr. Berger. He remembered the old symbolic explanation of the *Seder* that he had learned when a little boy: about how the husband was the king and the wife was the queen and the children were the princes and princesses on that night. It was necessary that at the feast the queen should sit opposite the king. It was a sin if she did not sit at the table. But what could he say to her? She always ate off the kitchen table when she was angry. It was as if to say to him that he was not fit to eat at the same board with her.

Mendell Berger pecked disheartedly at a few dishes. He turned the pages of the *Hagoda* listlessly. This prayer had to be said, and that prayer should be said, but he skipped them all. The silence of his wife was an oppression, like a weight on his forehead. He could not bear it. At last he broke out.

"What kind of a house is it, a man shouldn't be able to come home a minute later? What if I did come home a little late? Was it for me I was staying in the store? All day and night she asks me for money, money. Sara must have a fur coat and Barney must go to college—where should I get it? I shouldn't even stay in the store yet! I sweat my head off every day in the week over the pressing machine and if I come home late she hollers yet on me! For who was it? For me? Do I need a swell flat? A coat for fifteen dollars I wear. . . ."

"Well, maybe it is for me?" Mrs. Berger thought fit to soften a little and answer him. "On *Pesach* a man shouldn't even come home on time! A son he brings up he shouldn't even know what the inside of a *shool* looks like! Such a father. . . ."

But she brought in her plate and sat with them eating at the dining room table. Yet she did not fully surrender. She resumed her silence.

Mendell Berger finished his meat, and went back to thumbing the pages of the *Hagoda*. The lines awakened memories. He came again to the four questions; a thin, high voice seemed to be repeating them in his head: "Why is it that on this night we eat only bitter herbs, while on all other nights. . . ."

The thin, boyish voice was familiar. He remembered. It was his own voice.

Mendell Berger recalled the first time he had asked the *kashes*. The proud, the trembling moment! There seemed to appear a picture, right in the back of his eyes, of the years back in the old country. Twenty, forty years ago. There was the cottage of a peasant; in the centre a solid, rough table covered with a checkered cloth. All day long in the house there was the shrill of excited women, disputing as to who should cook and who should serve, and how the cooking and how the serving should be done. Uncles, aunts, grandparents, all gathered together for the great festivity, the *Seder*. Mendell Berger remembered himself hunched in a corner all day conning the Hebrew words in the *Hagoda*. For that night, for the first time, he was to say the four questions. How proud he had been! He had gone just far enough in the *cheder* to be able to read the Hebrew words. All day he studied them.

At last the evening came. The huge festive board spread out before him like a giant bibb. There appeared the candles, the many splendid dishes, warm, heavy, odorous, abundant. And all around aunts, uncles, grandparents, fat and red-faced people. . . . The long, white beard of his grandfather had impressed him. He had dreamed of some day having a long, white beard.

Mendell Berger, sitting there now in his flat in Chicago, rubbed his shaven face, feeling the prickles of the cut stubs of hairs.

Ah, what lip-smacking times those had been, those *Seders* in the old country, when he had been a child! He remembered how that night he had trembled and felt almost sick when the time had come to say the *kashes*. Then, as if from far, he had heard a high, quavering voice saying the Hebrew words. That was the voice he had heard to-night in his head, the same voice, his own voice, as if from far away. The little Mendell Berger had gained confidence, and gone ahead splendidly from one query to another. Then all at once, he remembered it as if his lips were stammering through the passage now, he had seen a word coming in the fourth question. He had forgotten how to say that word. He had felt himself meeting it; it seemed to be rushing at him like a huge bat flying into his face. He came to the word. He stopped. For a second he seemed to have died. He thought he would burst into tears. Then from his uncle at his side came a nudge and a deep whisper. He repeated the word the way his uncle had whispered to him, gasped and went on. How they had all petted him when he finished. His mother had kissed him on the head, and his father had given him wine; and they all stroked his hair and predicted that he would be a great rabbi some day. . . .

Mendell Berger looked up at his wife, who sat at the other end of the table, maintaining an injured silence.

He remembered other *Seders*. Even here in America, when they had been greenhorns, there had been feasts at which many relatives had gathered. Those old-fashioned festivals had spun long into the night; there had been fish and meat and cake and wine and stories,

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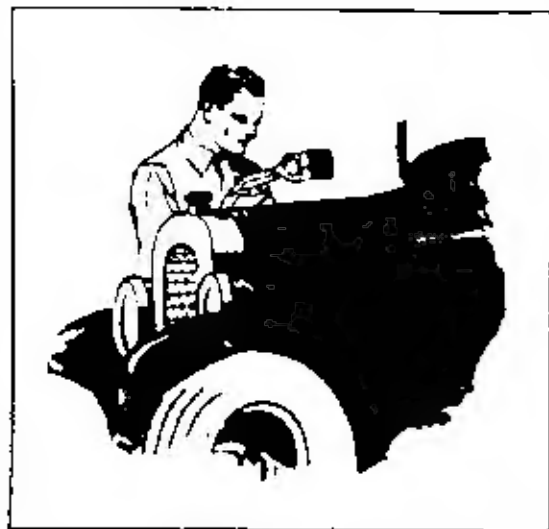
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stories, arguments over the fine points of religion, until midnight came and midnight passed. Then hearty farewells from people heavy-lidded and full-stomached. "Gut yontif! Gut yontif!"

He remembered the *Seders* when the children had just begun to grow up: the *Seder* when Barney had read the *kashes* for the first time. They had all been so proud. Barney had read the questions in English, while his father had rolled off the answers in Hebrew, and then translated them that the boy might understand. The children had been eager then to learn all the mel-lowed customs: the hiding of the *afca-men*, and the setting of the wine for *Eliyohu Hanovi*, and the prayers. . . . Mendell Berger's old mother had come to those *Seders* and complimented his wife on the way she kept house. Yes, Up to four years ago his mother had been to the *Seders* at his home. But now she was dead; she had died. It was a good thing she had died . . . if she had lived to see a thing like this!

Mendell Berger remembered later years; how Barney, growing up, had become more and more bored with the ceremonies of religion, until one year it could be seen that he went through with the thing only for the sake of his parents. Then had come one time when Barney had failed to pick up the *Hagoda* when the moment came to ask the *kashes*. Little Esther had rushed into the gap.

"Pa," she had cried eagerly, "let me say the *kashes* tonight! I am the youngest!"

Mendell Berger had pretended not to notice that this was wrong; that it must always be the youngest son who puts the questions, that the daughter might not ask them. He had let her go ahead, and had answered her in due form, and every year after that Esther had asked the *kashes*. That was two, three years already. And to-night Esther had gone to the movies. . . .

Barney had noticed that the ritual of the four questions had been left out of the *Seder* that night. But he did not move to start it. He somehow felt that it would hurt his father more to have him condescend after these years to take up the custom again, than to go without it this time.

Again it was Sara who tried to bridge the situation. She, too, had noticed that the *kashes* had not been said. "Oh, Pa, we didn't say the *kashes* yet to-night! Let me ask them to-night!" she cried. She seized the little book and began in a serious tone that was almost a mockery: "Wherefore is it . . . ?"

Mendell Berger answered her solemnly, as if everything was as it should be. When they had finished they took to eating the *kugel*. A strained silence rested over the little group. Once more Sara tried to make the situation pleasant.

"Don't you have to put the wine out?" she asked laughingly.

Mendell Berger nodded.

Mrs. Berger sat looking at them, brooding. She mumbled under her breath, "Making themselves like children."

Mendell Berger started. His own wife!

"Shall I open the door for *Eliyohu Hanovi* to come in?" cried Sara gaily. Her father said nothing. She jumped up and ran to the kitchen door, her manner artificially spirited like that of someone in the room of a sick person.

"Prepare the goblet!" she cried. Mendell Berger reached for the wine bottle. Then, seized with a sudden inexplicable impulse, he set it down and reached instead for the water pitcher. He filled the large goblet with water.

"Ready?" called Sara. "All right! Enter, old scout!" She flung the door wide open, and made a low mock bow.

A cold gust of wind blew in. "Did he drink it?" laughed Sara, bravely trying to keep up the spirits of the party. "All done? All right then, so long, old boy!" She closed the door with a salute.

"Why, Pa!" she cried, coming into the dining room again. "You put water there instead of wine!"

Mendell Berger laughed uneasily. "Let him change it into wine!" he murmured. A shiver ran down his back.

Again silence clung to them. Barney had finished his meal. He sat back in his chair uneasily. He took out his watch and looked at it. The time was half-past eight. He pushed his chair back a little. He put his hands on the edge of the table, and slowly arose. Then he stood there in the room for a moment, uneasy, wishing he could think of a way to stay and make the family seem lively and natural, and wanting to stride out and get away from the strained atmosphere. At last he mumbled hastily:

"Got to meet somebody," and strode out of the room. Mendell Berger looked after him, silent.

Mrs. Berger arose and began to gather up the dishes. Sara moved to help her.

For a while Mendell Berger sat there, playing with the crumbs, toying with the *Hagoda*. They had not said the *Chad Gadyok*, the funny *Chad Gadyok* that always made the children laugh. Two *susim*, two *susim*. They had forgotten that part. He arose and stretched. He looked at his watch. Twenty to nine. In the old country they would just be beginning on the fish. The men, warmed by the first glasses of wine, would start to talk in lively voices. The children would reach for the *taglach*. The women would discuss the merits of the cooking. . . . There would be more wine, more food, until twelve, one o'clock. . . .

Mendell Berger walked through the kitchen, where his wife stood, still silent, morosely slathering water on the dishes. He opened the back door and walked out on to the porch. It was cold. He stood by the porch railing and looked out across backyards and alleys. A jumble of rear walls and side walls of three-storey flat buildings met his eyes. The buildings outlined themselves against the sky, as if they had been cut by a child out of black paper, and pasted against blue cardboard.

Mendell Berger stood looking at the houses across the alley. There were lights in the windows, and *Seders* were going on. . . .

ALLIED GOVERNMENTS PRO-TEST CLOSING NON-TURKISH SCHOOLS IN TURKEY

French Alliance Schools Also Affected

Constantinople (J.T.A.).—The closing of the non-Turkish schools in Turkey, including the well-known French system maintained by the Alliance Israélite Française, resulted to-day in the presentation of a collective note by the diplomatic representatives of the Allied Governments here.

Besides the Alliance schools, the order of the Turkish Government affected many Christian schools, especially those maintained by the various missions, including the American.

The note submitted to-day by the European Governments to the Government of Kemal Pasha is couched in very mild language and limits itself to pointing out the inconveniences which will result from the closing of the schools.

"MY HEART IS IN PALESTINE," DECLARES NATHAN STRAUS UPON HIS RETURN

New York (J.T.A.).—"When I left America I said that my heart was in Palestine, and now, after having seen what has been done by our people, I repeat that my heart is there and ever shall be," declared Nathan Straus, banker and philanthropist, upon his return here to-day on the Adriatic.

"I return full of hope for the future of Jerusalem, full of hope that the Biblical prophecy will be fulfilled and that out of it Zionism shall go forth with the law and word of the Lord, that the three great religions originating in the Holy Land will unite all peoples and make it the spiritual centre of the world for securing universal peace."

Mr. Straus, who was accompanied by his wife, announced he had made provisions, in case of emergency, for

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How the Keren Hayesod Dollar Is Rebuilding Palestine

A report just received in this country indicates with exactitude the manner of expenditure of the funds gathered by the Keren Hayesod all over the world. From the report it is seen that agricultural colonization and education receive almost half of the Keren Hayesod dollar. Immigration, which represents the cost of receiving the pioneers and helping them to find their place in the land requires a much larger expenditure than

either sanitation or assistance to labor. The figures offer a graphic picture of the activities in which the Keren Hayesod is engaged.

Upon landing in America a few days ago after several weeks spent in Palestine, where he had the opportunity of viewing all of the work of rehabilitation going on in the Jewish Homeland, Nathan Straus said: "The Keren Hayesod is the finest medium through which Jews can do their

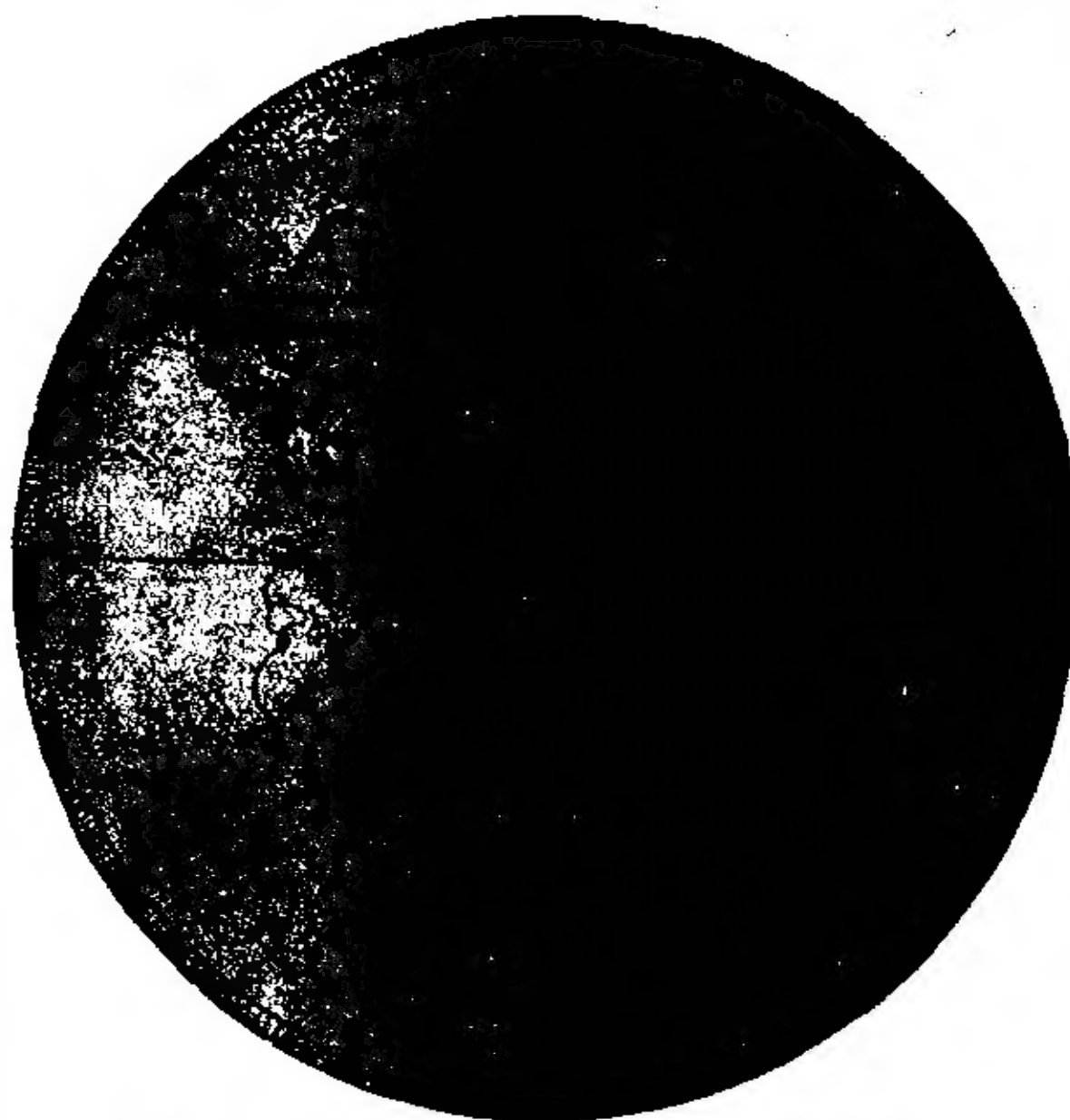
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The Keren Hayesod dollar divided into sections to show Proportionate expenditure

duty to Palestine." Mr. Straus was especially pleased with the agricultural development of the country, which has progressed so much since his last visit to the Holy Land.

Recognizing that the reclamation of the land itself must constitute the very basic element of rehabilitation, the Keren Hayesod, together with the Jewish National Fund, is expending greater sums and greater effort in this phase of the development of the country than in any other single activity. Agriculture gets twenty-five and one-half cents of every dollar spent by the Keren Hayesod in Palestine.

Jewish landed property in Palestine has increased from 140,000 dunams in 1890 to 800,000 in 1923, an increase of 660,000 dunams, about 300,000 of which have been acquired in the past three years. In the past two years the agricultural work of the Keren Hayesod has consisted mainly of developing existing farm settlements and of creating new ones. During the first four months of this year five such colonies have been established. Together with the forty-

one Keren Hayesod settlements, there are now ninety Jewish colonies in Palestine. Hundreds of Chalusim are realizing their highest ambition to become farmers in Palestine.

Educating the Children

Next to agriculture there is no more important phase of the activity of reconstruction than the education of the Palestinian child who must be fitted for the task of living and working in Palestine. Education gets twenty-two per cent. of the Keren Hayesod dollar, almost as much as agriculture. The Keren Hayesod maintains in Palestine a complete school system, which is equal in its efficiency to that of any school system in any country of the world.

The school system embraces every unit from kindergarten, grade schools, secondary schools, technical schools up to the Hebrew University which is being erected on Mt. Scopus. Several departments of the University are already functioning and new departments are being added as rapidly as the buildings to house them are completed.

What Happens to the Other 52½ Cents

The immigrant who enters Palestine is not compelled to shift for himself immediately. He is sheltered in the Keren Hayesod immigration camps at Jaffa or Haifa until he is able to take up a section of land or until employment is found for him. The period of his residence in the immigration camp rarely exceeds thirty days and in the great majority of cases about half that time is required. This phase of Palestinian activity absorbs fourteen and one-half cents of the Keren Hayesod dollar. To help him establish himself the Keren Hayesod assists him with loans until he is in a position to require no further assistance. Eight and one-half cents of every dollar spent in Palestine is expended in loans to labour.

Eight cents is expended in maintaining the sanitation standards at the same high level to which they were brought by Jewish effort since the war, the country having been transformed from a disease-ridden to a healthful land. Mortgage bank investments and investments in the Ruttenberg scheme for electric power and irrigation get seven per cent. of the money spent in Palestine; administration in Palestine costs only five per cent. and the special expenses of the National Organization require four and one-half cents of every

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BIBLICAL WELL DISPUTES REPEAT THEMSELVES IN PALESTINE

Jerusalem (J.T.A.).—The old quarrels over water wells in the times of Abraham the Patriarch, as recorded in the Bible, were recalled by the serious quarrel which broke out to-day between two Arab tribes in the neighborhood of the village Valadzi. In a dispute over the rights to the only water well in the vicinity, the two tribes engaged in a battle which resulted in the death of one and the wounding of eight.

The authorities have started an investigation into the matter and have dispatched a force of three officers and fifteen policemen into the district.

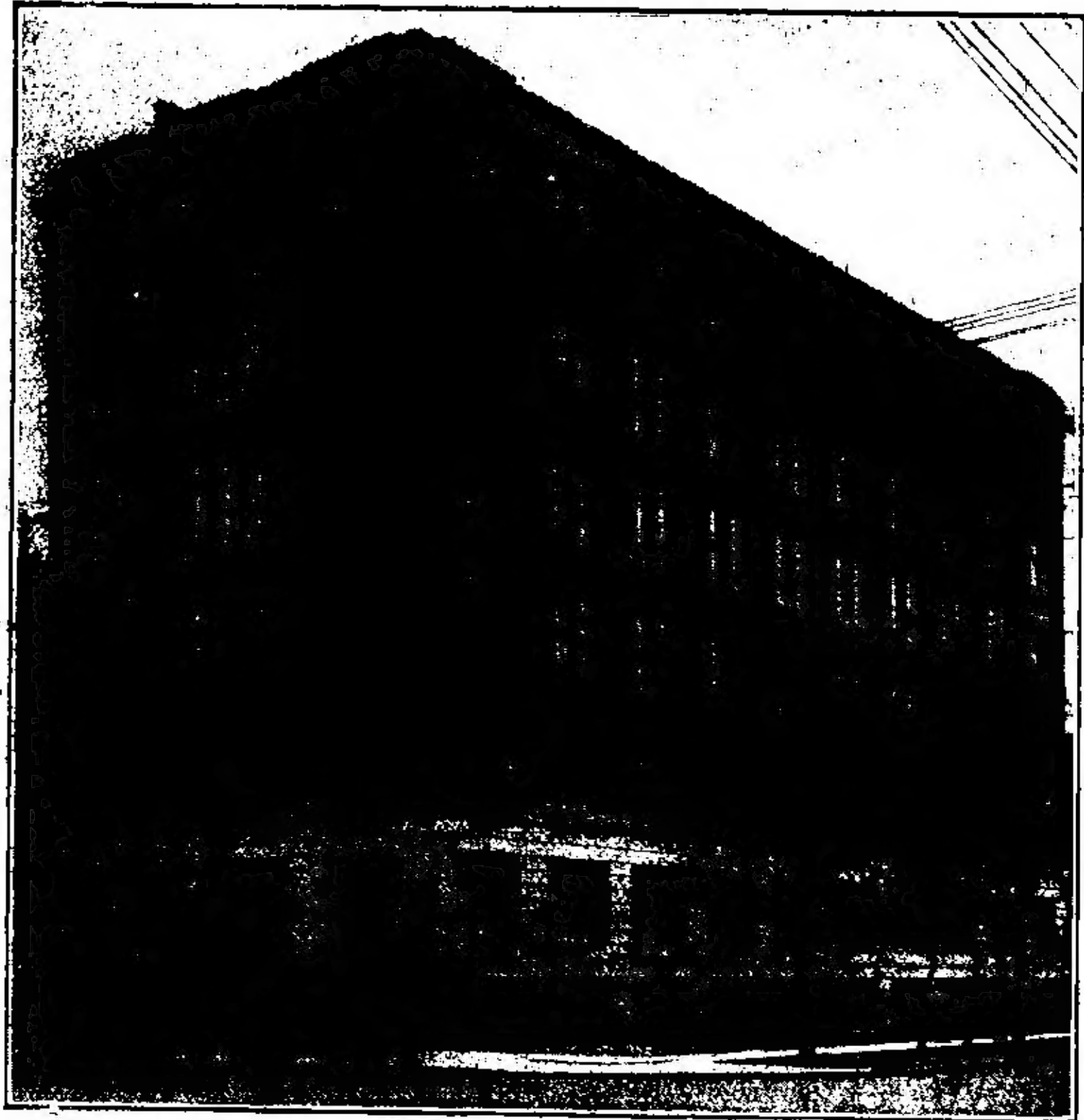
GREEK MERCHANTS WANT TO COMPEL JEWS TO OBSERVE SUNDAY

Salonika (J.T.A.).—The association of Greek merchants in this city has petitioned the city government to compel the Jewish merchants to observe Sunday as a day of rest.

The local Greek newspaper, "Le Progres," in an article protesting against this agitation, points out that a law passed in 1914 requires but one day rest week, the exact day not being specified. Another law passed in 1920 specifically allows the Jews to observe their rest day on Saturday; and the paper comments that the present movement for a Sunday observance by all is not only contrary to established law, but unfair to the Jews, who would be compelled to cease work for two days.

ANTI-SEMITES SUCCESSFUL IN BAVARIAN ELECTIONS

Munich (J.T.A.).—Over twenty-five per cent. of the votes cast in the general elections to the Bavarian Diet were cast for the anti-Semitic "Voelkische Partei." The Voelkische Partei has gained considerable ground since the conclusion of the Hitler-Ludendorff trial here.



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On Probation
A Story for Passover

By HERMAN JACOBSON

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"I write for the people—both Jews and non-Jews," Ralph Phillips shot back as he caught on the fly the magazine which his wife's girlhood lover tossed to him across the cleared Seder table. After a short pause he added: "I've made it my business to learn what the people want and are willing to pay for and—"

George Oppenheim sat bolt upright: "What the people want! How about what you want? How about the light and shade, the sound and colour, the quiver of earth and air, and the marvelous past of our people you wanted to weave into magic word symphonies when we were at college? Is this the result?" he pointed a finger of scorn in the direction of the magazine. "Our people in whom the Rembrandts and the Michael Angelos have found their deepest inspiration, you have completely divorced from your work." His voice halted, paused, and he remained silent.

An awkward pause ensued. The two friends sat silently in Phillips' dining room in a fashionable suburb of Chicago, somewhat angry at themselves for letting their heads get the better of their hearts. The Seder table was no place for unpleasant words. Besides, they had not met in ten years; ever since the popular author had married Ruth, the girl whom both had loved at college, and George had gone away to South America to forget. Now George during his stay in Chicago while lecturing on South America, was a guest, invited to the Seder feast by Phillips' wife, Ruth, who, as the daughter of a Talmudic graybeard, observed the Passover ceremony with due solemnity.

Ruth had just cleared the table of the last crumb of matzo and gone up to her room with a headache from the day's exciting preparations. When they were alone Phillips had asked his friend to read a few stories and give a frank criticism. Oppenheim had read one story and he had tossed the magazine back to his friend with unmistakable reproach. Then he was sorry. This was no time to act the treader of truth.

Out of their silence the warm friendship of their hours of Hebrew lessons at college surged over them; and Oppenheim forgot art and her prerogatives. He rose from his chair, walked around the table and held out his hand to his boyhood friend: "Forgive me, Ralph."

"I don't resent, so there's nothing to forgive. But is my work really so—"

"Well, I know you are trying your best. But no artist can do what he would. He must learn to content himself with what he could. This is a world in which few are capable of paying the price that great, even passing good, writing demands," he said calmly, walking up and down the dining room. After some moments he looked through the window and added: "It is really no fault of any one individual. It is the sordid shame of our age. It turns its artists into handmaids of Tartuffe. It is only the few who have paid a great price for life or for their art who can withstand its temptations and its threats." He turned to the door: "But I must not forget that I have to catch my train for my Saint Louis lecture to-morrow. I must wish Ruth good Yom Tov and go."

When Phillips closed the door behind his friend he repeated to himself: "My people! What have I to do with people? I know only individual men and women, not people, not a

Ruth's sentimentality. Nothing more. What have my people, any people, ever done for me? Did they hold out a hand to me when I was sweating blood in dark despair during my apprenticeship years? . . . And George's talk about price?" he smiled with contempt. "What price is there to pay other than what I have paid during my early struggles? When I sent out my first story sixty-three times before I found a place for it where I was paid ten dollars—ten dollars for three months of superhuman toil. That's enough price for any one. At that time my people never—"

He unconsciously turned to the magazine which had precipitated George's unpleasant remarks. He paged it as he confided to himself: "I know the secret of his cutting words. It is Ruth. . . . He is not married yet—ten years, despite his extraordinarily affectionate temperament." Then his eyes fell on his story: "Peggy on Parade."

The very title which a while before seemed so natural now sent a chill to his heart. The thought flashed across his brain that the whole performance was altogether banal, nit-witted, boot-licking; a bedroom farce to amuse maudlin old spinsters on a spree; a diversion for old maids both in and out of breeches. As his eyes followed the long columns he mused: "Were not these the same words and the same phrases in which the greatest literatures were written—Isaiah, Job, Shakespeare? To use them on 'Peggy on Parade'! It was sheer sacrilege; like the behaviour of a loose woman

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at dalliance in the Holy of Holies. A tremor of shame shook his body. He flung the magazine into a corner and left the room.

And now days passed during which he moved about in a world rumbling with echoes of Oppenheim's words. He sat up in bed in the middle of the night now and then and cried: "Our people! What people? A man is a man, not a people! And price? What price, George? . . . Ancient superstitions and boyhood dreams. What was I shouting about, dear?" he would force open his eyes and entreat his wife. "Phaugh!" he would pant. "I'm dreaming awfully of late. Must begin to take more exercise. Or do you think it is the result of Passover cooking?"

But Ruth pressed him closer to herself and smothered a sigh in the pillow.

Unexpectedly she came into his study a few weeks after Easter and sat down hesitatingly. Her lips parted to speak, but her voice trembled, halted, and then failed altogether. Her husband leaped to his feet and came up to her:

"What is it, dearest? Sick or—"

She steeled herself and shook her head: "No, not I. It is you who are sick. In our whole married life I have never seen you as miserable as—"

" . . . as since George was here," her husband finished for her.

She clenched the arm of the chair and sat still. He mused:

"Has she come to assure me that I have no reason for unhappiness because of her girlhood love for George? Or—"

She looked up resolutely: "Ralph, no need to hide the truth from each other. Father tells me that the Talmud says that truth is a burden which the weak-spined cannot bear. But we two are not weak-spined. Let us frankly own that our natures are what they are and no amount of pious make-believe will change them." Then she lowered her voice: "I am not blind. I see that our love has vanished with the years. But I think you believe that I am going to insist that we continue our union in spite of it; because, I suppose, I have a legal hold on you, or because your good nature would prove incapable of seeing me suffer. Is that what makes you so unhappy? Well, you are mistaken. I am no weak-spined, overgrown baby. I am quite capable of bearing a heavy burden of suffering when occasion arises. I am quite capable of bearing the burdens of life even when it is quite galling. So you can go your way and I shall go mine."

It came like a thunderbolt, but not altogether unexpected. Had he not noticed, he began to recall, how she and George trembled when they met? How she thrilled at his sallies of wit at the Seder table? Who knows but that they met after George left? Well, he concluded, apparently the sight of each other had rolled back the years as if at the nod of a magician and held out before them their bygone

romance—their delicious moments together on the mystery-swathed lake-shore—their twilight walks in spring meadows full of sunlit mist, when he remained in the distance watching, like a wounded thing, George's black-sleeved arm gliding round her white waist. Yes, the sight of each other had fanned into flame their ineffably sweet moments which lay buried under the ashes of the irrevocable past!

And the humiliation of spurned affection swept over him again. His face turned into a battle-ground of fiery passions. He cried to himself: "Georgel! My God, do you know what it means to break up a man's love life like that?" His toes sought hold of the floor to run into the open and search for George to wreak a dire vengeance.

But instead of rising he sank deeper into his chair. After all, his work as a writer had entolled him among a sort of priesthood which sat in an eternal confessional listening to the sad story told over and over throughout the ages—of blazing passions deep-seated in the heart of man, bursting forth now and then like volcanic fires, beyond human control.

Ruth raised her eyes: "I came to tell you that I—I— Why beat round the bush? I have made up my mind to set you free." She tried to raise but found her body paralyzed.

He mustered his powers: He must tell her how much he loved her; how completely interwoven his life had become with hers; how utterly impossible it was for him to sever himself from her. And the woman in her would find it impossible to reject honest affection. He raised his head to speak but he caught sight of her standing over him with a cruel resolution on her lips. His half-paralyzed ears caught her words:

"The marriage tie is sacred only as long as it remains cemented by love." And before he found his tongue, she continued: "You may go your way. I shall go mine."

Her words rang as of a heartless judge pronouncing the death sentence. And his determination to plead with her turned to rage. If she wanted to toss him off like a worn-out glove, why not come out with it in the open? If she was still in love with George, why not say so? Oh, the heartless cruelty of woman masquerading under the guise of injured innocence. He braced himself: "If you think you will be happier with—" A hot lump choked his throat and he grabbed the arms of his chair for support.

And Ruth, confused, bewildered, stepped out of the study.

He threw himself on his desk and buried his head in his arms. A sweet feminine perfume lingered in the room. He inhaled it as one inhales the redolent fragrance of a spring flower garden. He shook himself as if out of a deep sleep, and demanded: "What's happened?" Was it possible that Ruth had been here a moment before—never to come here again? He looked round as if he had suddenly found himself in strange surroundings. He tried to recall what he had said to

her, but could not. His mind was a blank. Well, he would go downstairs and find out whether the whole performance was not a hallucination of his overworked brain?

He came down to her room. In the middle he found an upstanding trunk, packed and strapped, with a note on the top bidding the servant girl goodbye and directing her to give the trunk to the expressman who would call for it.

As he read the note the magnitude of his loss dawned on him. He was suddenly seized with a panicky terror: "Oh, if I had only explained to her why—why—"

Half sick he clambered back to his study, flung himself on his couch, and closed his eyes resignedly.

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was because the multiform needs of married life had compelled him. Besides, wedded existence had filled his being with a multitude of trivialities which drowned out the cries of his artistic needs. It had even deprived him of the solitude without which the greatest genius is bound to turn out a botch.

He sat down at his desk, rolled a sheet of paper into his typewriter, and started a story which had been germinating in his mind for some time. "Now I am going to write what I always wanted to write," he cried triumphantly as his brain leaped and bounded for sheer joy, his typewriter clicking and scraping. He filled one page and another and another.

Then his mind turned blank and his body trembled for sheer excitement. He dragged himself to his couch, stretched out on his back, and fell asleep.

The moment he awoke he reached out for the few pages he had filed. The first paragraph irritated him. The

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second drove him to exasperation. "What nonsense!" he cried.

He sat pondering for a long time. Had he lost his knack at putting things into words? Had the shock occasioned by Ruth's leaving made him sterile, even as the women in Europe had become during the roar of cannon? He crumpled up the sheets and threw them into the wastebasket.

He now sat for days over his typewriter, his fingers poised over the keys, his face seared with lines of suffering and thought. He plotted, planned, wrote, erased. But the ideas came in too many shreds to be pieced together by the brain. His emotions were too sweeping to be caught into moulds. Now and then he wrote down something or other in a fit of frenzy, but the next day's reading always found it hopeless. There were the words, the episodes, the climaxes, the whole bag of the popular writer's tricks, but lacked the spark to kindle it into life.

He felt his mind leaving him one afternoon and he grabbed his walking stick and went out into the open. The infinite silence of the blue sky and the mysterious calm in the dew-drop had always afforded him peace, rest. Perhaps they would do so now too.

But instead of walking out into the open field, as was his wont, he found himself taking a train and going down to the city, making his way to the poverty-stricken districts of Chicago's West Side. He had not been there since his slumming adventures during his college life and he felt strange. If he had ever had any sympathy with his people it was while securely ensconced behind his study walls or while talking to Ruth's patriarchially bearded father from whose lips constantly flowed the literary jewels of the Talmud. But now that he met them face to face, the dirt and squalor surrounding them chilled all his benevolent emotions. He probed his feelings and came to the conclusion that he had nothing in common with them, had no real sym-

pathy for them. He could not write about them or for them.

He came back and sat down at his typewriter again and vowed to put forth superhuman effort to tap the vein of his former exuberance. Yes, he would write something killingly funny and show Ruth that though she could uproot his life with her leaving, she could not ruin his work.

He battled for months and months, using his utmost energy. Then he gradually realized that his powers were directed against a force too immense to be overcome by human effort—a force deaf and dumb to all human entreaty and suffering.

And an all-embracing weariness, an utter helplessness overtook him. Oh, the epic tragedy of being allowed the joy of articulation only to be stricken dumb afterward!

But when his mental fogs cleared now and then and he picked up a discarded manuscript he found that, though unprintable, it contained notes which sounded like the cacophony of a master orchestra. There were stray tones quivering with an emotional earnestness and an all-embracing warmth which seemed to come from the heart of creation. If he could only harmonize them into a unified symphony! Perhaps Ruth would come across it! If she would not come back she would at least regret her leaving. But it was only a cacophony!

In his abysmal despair he again turned to the squalid quarters of the Chicago West Side. Something magnetic drew him there, as if he found understanding and sympathy there. And gradually, slowly an unshakable feeling crept over him that he was no longer an intellectual aristocrat divorced from the joys and sorrows of his people. He began to catch glimpses of himself as one of them, touched by the same memories and feelings floating across the centuries, toiling and suffering in anguish and despair as each and every one of them did.

And the realization of it all thawed away the icy wall separating him from them. His starched collar and Latin conjugations vanished like so many spangled tins in the fires of life.

Day after day, for weeks on end, he wandered through the Chicago ghetto, up and down Halstead Street, Taylor Street, always ending at the busiest section of Roosevelt Avenue. People pointed fingers at him as he wandered on, tall, dignified, stooped, as if the weight of the world rested on his shoulders. He spent hours in the dingy coffee houses and tea shops, arguing and debating over huge pots of steaming tea with the derelict Jews from all over the world—Russian, Roumanian, Greek, Turkish, Spanish, German—with ragged dreamers and philosophic vagabonds, with the ungarlanded poets and sages who chose to go down in the depths rather than live in applauded treachery. The profundity of their wisdom staggered him. Their unshakable faith in life, despite the abysmal depths of their misery, set his reason tottering.

And their whole tragic existence gradually crept over him their blasted hopes and thwarted ambitions and unsatisfied aspirations and denied existence. He began to feel for them and with them. And with the feeling came understanding—an understanding that embraced everything that lives, from the monarch in his castle shaking the earth with the ephemeral noise of his pomp, to the moth in the blade of grass whose span lasted from sunrise to sunset. Even the passions of earth and sky strove for articulation in his bosom. And a burning desire seized him to imprison the razor-edged keenness of his new emotions between the covers of a book.

For days he sat motionless over his typewriter. Before him rose mighty worlds sweeping on through timeless and endless spaces, everlastingly repeating the stupendous symphony of birth, life, death and decay—long stretches of superhuman struggles

marked by sporadic triumphs and world-wide defeats—powerful races of men shading the earth with their winged joys, then sinking out of existence on the onward sweeping seas of life; only his people marching on and on, a living witness, like a wreath of flowers on a grave, to the power of life over death. And a silent chorus, as deep and immense as the night, struck up in his soul. A mysterious power gathered his emotions and thoughts and focused them upon a definite goal.

At last, a word, a phrase, a sentence, a paragraph at a time, thinking deeply, profoundly, he wove the shreds of his thoughts and feelings into a marvelous web. And his work rose before him like a mighty symphony whose tonal emotions echoed from depths never reached before.

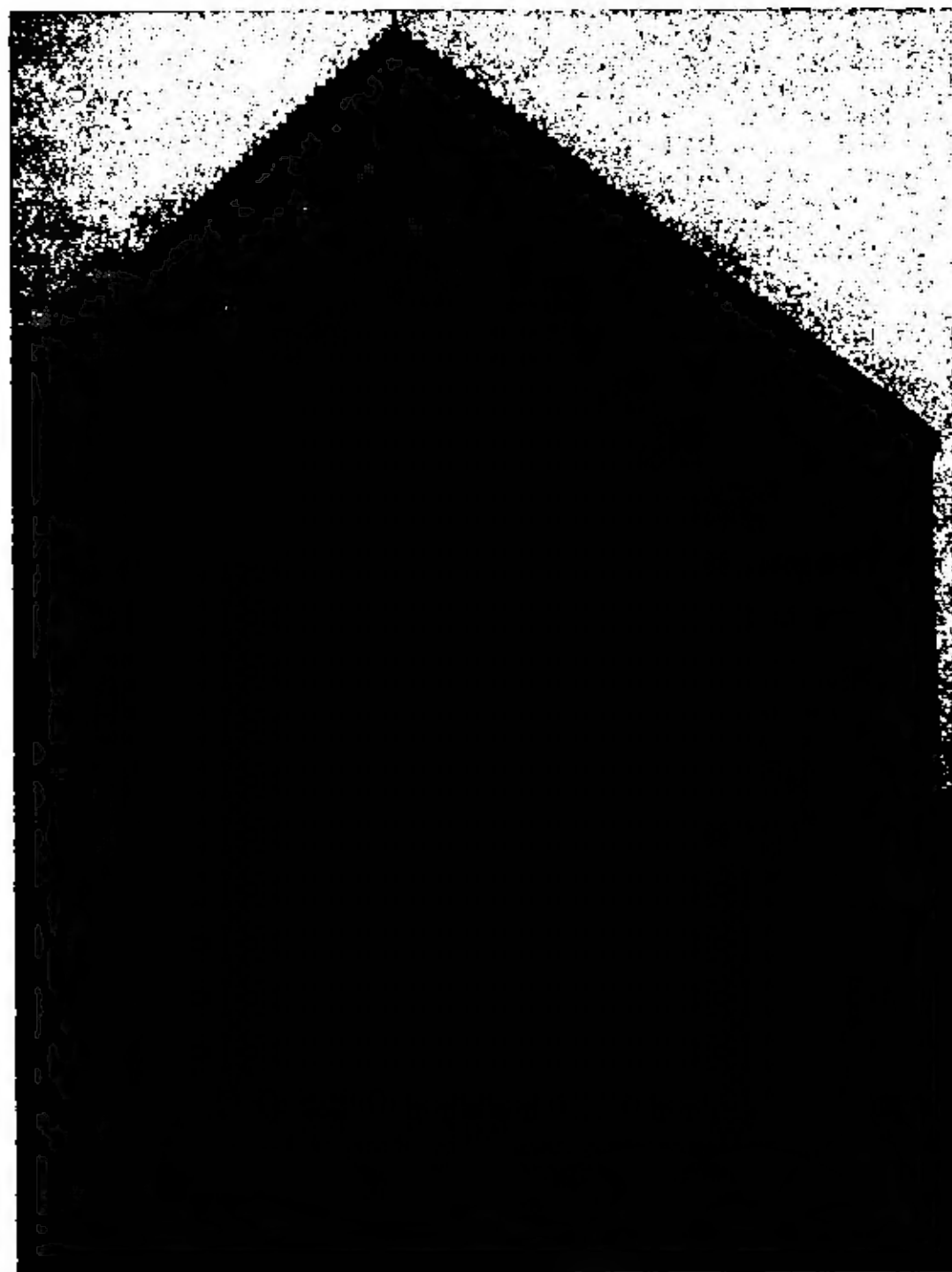
The strain of his mighty effort soon sapped his energies. But he toiled on like a crazy fanatic whose mystic devotions make him oblivious of pain. When he was on his last chapter a blank night swooped down on him and the walls of his study quivered. The windows wavered, light rapidly alternated with darkness. Then something inside his head snapped and he sank on his machine.

When he became aware of himself his eyes fell on soft-coloured hospital walls, grave-faced doctors sitting at his bedside, and on Ruth holding his head in her hands. He rose with a cry: "The book!"

He struggled to get out of bed but Ruth held him back: "It is finished, dear. It is done."

He looked at her with surprise. If the book was finished, why did these men look so concerned and why was Ruth's face so pale?

But the effort at thinking tired him and he fell back to sleep. He remained for weeks in a timeless and bodiless world, lying without uttering a word, Ruth's form constantly hovering around him. At last he was taken home.



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Soon after his convalescence he found himself sitting with Ruth at the Seder table. After a brief ceremony she held out a wad of newspaper clippings in her hand and sat down near him with a triumphant smile and said: "Not that I care what pennyliners say about you in the newspapers, but—" She broke off and began to read: "Mr. Ralph Phillips' 'Weavers of Destiny' is a book the critic is at a loss to classify. Here Mr. Phillips has completely departed from his customary field and has given a picture of his own people such as has never been seen before. It is hard to say whether it is an orthodox novel or not, but it stands out head and shoulders above the fiction published in this country in the past fifty years." She stopped. "But you can read all that when—"

She paused awkwardly as she caught a depressed eye: "What is it, dear?"

He held his breath lest he commence in the wrong place, then said—not at all what he wanted to say: "My boyhood fancies—"

"...materialized," she caught up.

He grew sad. His pale, grooved forehead contracted with pain. She pressed his hand. "Ralph, dear, you—"

He turned away from her and murmured: "Is this the reason you came back—to share my new-found fame?"

The accusation was uttered with a measure of bitterness. But she answered calmly: "No, dear. I came back for the same reason that I left you, for the same reason that I came to see you through, and for the same reason that I am leaving you again."

"No, no, no, no! You are not leaving again!" he cried, his voice tinged with despair.

For a moment she held her breath, then whispered: "It is the price of your work—which both of us must pay."

"Price! What price?" his affectionate lower lip quivered.

She spoke composedly, though with a tremor in her voice: "The price about which you talked in your sleep

His forehead contracted with the effort at recollection. Then his eyes opened wide: "And you exacted it by going away?"

She nodded.

Her superhuman sacrifice came to him in a flash. He caught her in his arms: "Ruthie, darling, no woman in the world would do such a thing—lose her life to win it for another." But a trace of doubt soon asserted itself in his voice and he unwittingly asked: "Didn't you and George—"

She drew a pitying finger through his hair: "You foolish boy! I have not given him a thought since the day of our engagement. I had a notion that you would take it so—and thus help me in my desperate resolution. You know I had tried everything to make you see where your powers lay, but failed. Then I got a hint from your nightly arguments with George and I decided that you had to have something to lacerate your heart—like Oscar Wilde's nightingale—to find your powers. So I took this step. I know it is quite unnatural, but desperate diseases demand desperate remedies."

A wave of rebellion crept over him. The pitiless demands of art! He felt overwhelmed. He pleaded like a child: "But you are not going to leave now."

An extraordinary tenderness swept over her and her heart sank bleeding. But she steeled herself. "And your work will sink to what it used to be and drive me again to thoughts of suicide. My leaving, dear, is the price both of us must pay for the privilege of doing a great work. Let us not haggle about it like misers. Pay with open hand, like the king that every Jew is at the Seder table; pay freely, lavishly," she said in a tone of finality.

He moved closer to her: "My work can never again be what it was. No man who has been through such hell fires can write what I used to write," he assured her.

The seriousness of his voice carried indubitable conviction and she nestled

RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT RENEWS FIGHT AGAINST PRIVATE TRADERS

Riga (J.T.A.).—The fight against the traders and merchants, in spite of the official sanction of private trade under the Nep (New Economic Policy), has been started again by the Soviet Government.

The merchants and traders who have gone into private enterprises as a result of the Nep find themselves now in a very critical position as a result not only of the heavy taxation imposed by the Government, but by the fact that the Government trusts are competing severely with the private enterprises by opening retail stores.

The government recently created a special department for the purpose of fighting the entrepreneurs, and many merchants have been arrested on the slightest pretexts and sent to Siberia. Most of those affected are Jews. As a result of this business depression and dual economic policy, the desire for emigration from Russia has grown again very acute.

NEW YORK JOURNALIST FETED IN JERUSALEM

Jerusalem (J.T.A.).—Jacob Fishman, managing editor of the "Jewish Daily Morning Journal" of New York, was feted to-day by the Hebrew journalists at a tea given in his honour. Many visitors and government officials participated. Greetings were extended to him on behalf of the Zionist Executive, the Jewish National Fund, the Kehillah and the journalists' group. Mr. Fishman was praised as a brilliant journalist and a devoted Zionist.

In reply, Mr. Fishman spoke in English and in Hebrew, touching upon the state of affairs in Jewish journalism in New York, and the activities of the Zionist Organization in the United States. He declared that he was charmed with everything that he had seen in Palestine.

Mr. Fishman was also received by

Commissioner, who denied to him the recently circulated reports that he intends to resign. "There are no difficulties between myself and the Colonial Office in London," declared the High Commissioner.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES MADE IN PALESTINIAN EXCAVATIONS

Jerusalem (J.T.A.).—The excavations carried on in the Valley of Jehoshaphat by the Jewish Archaeological Society under the direction of Prof. Nahum Slonch have been very fruitful. Besides the discovery of the tombs of King Jehoshaphat and Absalom, the Maccabean prince, a door was discovered at Jehoshaphat's monument, sculptured in the style of the Jewish-Hellenic period. Steps leading from Jehoshaphat's monument to Absalom's were also found, thus proving the connection between the two.

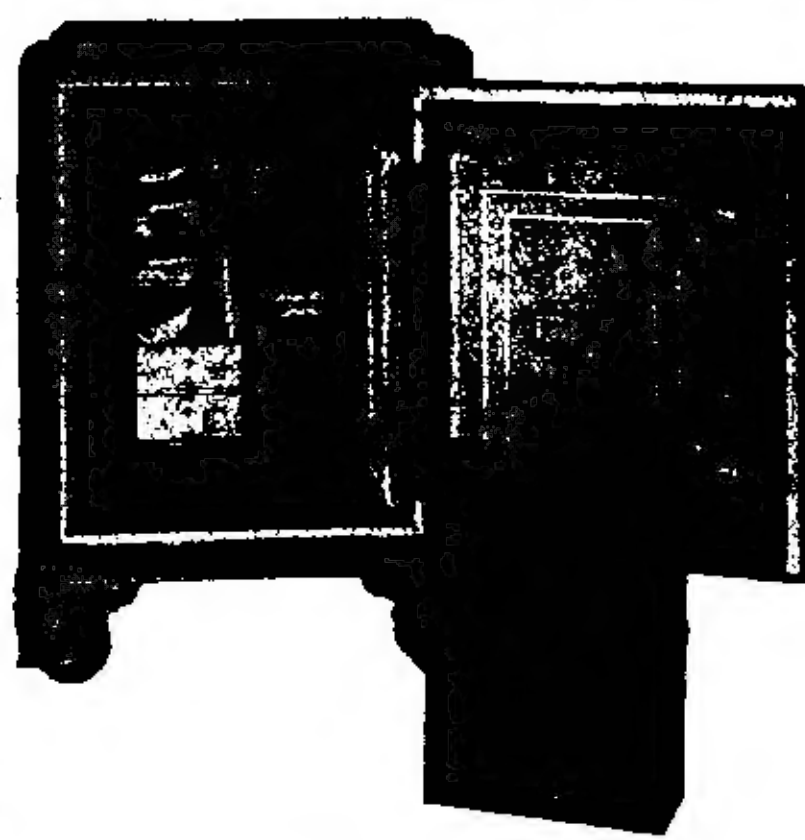
At both tombs many examples of contemporary art have been found. Scholars are inclined to the hypothesis that these monuments belonged to Simon, the son of Onias, the Jewish High Priest of the Maccabean period.

METULLA DISTRICT OFFICIALLY UNITED WITH PALESTINE

Jerusalem (J.T.A.).—The district of the Jewish colony in Metulla, on the English frontier of Palestine, over which there has long been a dispute between England and France, was officially incorporated into the territory of Palestine to-day.

The official act of incorporation took place when the British flag was raised with the proper celebrations, in the Jewish colony of Metulla in the presence of Governor Symes of Samaria, Mr. Sinclair, British Police Commander of the district, and Lieutenant Smith, of the Palestine Gendarmerie, as well as representatives of the French authorities in Lebanon.

There has been much rejoicing among the Jewish colonists of the Metulla district over the realization of their long-cherished desire to be a part of the



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Always and Everywhere the Same

A Pre-Pogrom Scene in Berlin

By SIMEON JUSHKEWITCH

Berlin. A café. A sunny autumn day. Brown and gold patches on the house fronts, huge, big-bellied. A soft untroubled sky, the blue horizon hanging low, with clouds moving about as on sentry-go. On the verandah stretching along the pavement, a ceaselessly animated cinematograph screen, tables, tables, the head waiter, a bustling crowd of customers, a feeling of early morning in the air, the people at the tables sipping their coffee, happily engrossed, a crowd of exchange jobbers. Women, pet dogs, horses, trams, automobiles. Lost in the human mist, a man with a broom, a mysterious figure. And as if behind the scenes of a theatre, muttering discontentedly, the German worker casting a vague atmosphere of apprehension over the scene.

At the tables in the café, Jews. Two Germans smoking cigars, and again Jews. A group of Dutchmen, and more Jews. A couple of Americans going to Russia or back to the States, and Jews.

"Waiter," Rosenberg says courteously, "a glass of coffee, please," speaking his German with a Yiddish accent. "What do you say?" he continues in Russian, turning to Samuelson from Harkoff, with whom he has just become acquainted. "Will there really be a pogrom in Berlin, or is it just rumour?"

Samuelson, with his hair cropped in German fashion, like a Russian convict in the olden days, passed the tips of his fingers over the stiff bristles on his head, and with his face covered in perspiration, said in a peevish voice:

"The same thing again! Tell me, what sort of a subject is this? Everybody you meet asks the same question, 'Will there be a pogrom?'"

"What do you mean?" asked Rosenberg of Nikolaiev, in a tone of surprise. "Berlin simply smells of pogrom. 'First,' he ticked it off on his fingers, "there is the mark; secondly there is the butter—where is their butter, I ask you? And thirdly there is Bavaria."

"Drink your coffee," interrupted Samuelson, "and don't talk foolishness. Where is your pogrom? In Germany? Idiotic! In Berlin?" He raised his glass to his lips, the perspiration stood out on his forehead. He felt that his heart was beating too rapidly. "Idle chatter!" he said to himself. "Don't be afraid. Pull yourself together. What does it matter what they say? A pogrom if you like, and in Berlin at that. Though, after all, perhaps I really ought to go away before there is any trouble."

"Look here," said Rosenberg, moving closer; "they don't like to hear people talking Russian here, just as they didn't like to hear Yiddish in Russia. The Russians have managed to land themselves in a pretty pickle, haven't they? Still, that's their business. We'll talk in Yiddish. After all, it's some sort of German. My wife went out recently to buy some grapes. Now that's hardly a crime, is it? The Germans really ought to be grateful to the foreigners. We haven't taken anything away from them. On the contrary, we brought money into the country. But they argue—shortage of houses. We don't get any rights but they want our money. We have to pay taxes. I don't need to tell you all that, you know it as well as I do. Bread is a milliard. I tell you, it's a madhouse. What's the good of it? And then again—what else shall I do? So I was telling you my wife bought two pounds of grapes. The fruiter weighed out her two pounds of grapes. Suddenly he burst out with: 'Bloody Russian Jews! They buy up everything! It doesn't matter how much money you ask for it, they've got it to pay. And our children can't

out for it!' My wife went hot and cold. She nearly fainted of fright. Nice grapes, weren't they? Now, I ask you—what does that mean? My wife came home in an awful state. Why did I bring her and the children to this terrible Germany? Tell me, where else could I have brought her? To Constantinople, Marseilles, Paris? To the North Pole perhaps!"

"Back to Constantinople," answered Samuelson in a broken voice.

"And you think that in Constantinople there is no chance of a pogrom? But that isn't what I'm driving at. A few days ago, I had to see Glickman, the treasurer of our synagogue. A matter of business. Well, where is one likely to meet the treasurer of a synagogue on a Saturday? In the synagogue, of course. So I went to the synagogue. Your know what a synagogue generally looks like, especially on a Saturday. About fifteen worshippers. The cantor did his job excellently. But what's the use of it? You know how it is—we say some of our prayers, and we have a little chat about business, we crack a joke or two, we send somebody to the devil, we tease each other, just for fun. We feel at home with our God. He is one of the family. He does not get angry about such things, as long as we do our part. We sway backwards and forwards over our prayer books. Then we began to talk business. Glickman answered me and we went on swaying backwards and forwards again. We finished and continued our business. The cantor sang. It was all right. Glickman folded up his talith. He has two splendid houses in Berlin, and he can't live in them. He doesn't like it, but what can he do? Suddenly, as we stood like that talking, a young man came up with a despatch case under his arm. He looked well fed, and was clean shaven as if he had just got out of the barber's chair. A real Englishman. He didn't stop to look round, and shook hands with everybody, right and left as if we were short of his handshake.

"We must have a meeting at once," he said, 'of the heads of the community.'

"What for? What about?" asked Glickman.

"There may be a pogrom in Berlin any minute," the Englishman answered. "The Russian Monarchists and the Black Hundreds are all at work here and everything is being got ready in the real Russian style. They will simply wipe out the Jews here, butcher them, turn the place into a shambles."

"I became petrified with fear. All the fifteen Jews in the congregation, with Glickman at their head, started shivering. It grew dead silent in the synagogue. You could hear your watch ticking in your waistcoat pocket. Nobody dared to lift up his head. We were ashamed to look each other in the face. Say what you like, it's a shame to think of such a thing even. Imagine a nice old man like Glickman, a man over sixty years of age, dragged along by his beard by a gang of ruffians and beaten as if he were a schoolboy. How can you think of such a thing? Or that they should do it to that fine old merchant from Moscow, Leizerowitch. He's also got two houses in Berlin and can't live in them. Or the teacher, Tennenbaum, or the journalist, Meierowitch?

"We began to disperse, slowly, shuffling our feet heavily. 'What? Where? Why?' we asked the Englishman. He had one answer only. 'I will tell you at the meeting.'

"I went out into the street. Quiet. Nobody being attacked. I went along half dead. I suppose my face must have looked as yellow as the yolk of an egg.

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and culture? In these very streets, in these very houses, in this civilized, cultured Berlin, there are people now plotting to butcher the Jews. So what's the use of this civilization? They are wild beasts, these people! Laugh at it, ridicule it, this boasted civilization of theirs!"

Samuelson's eyes went dead. He sat quiet. His lips trembled. His shaven neck became full of creases. As if to fit in with the discussion, great black clouds came floating along and it began to rain. The whole street became a forest of umbrellas. Rosenberg tugged at his whiskers.

"I came home," he continued, "and I told my wife about it. 'Let us go away at once,' she cried. 'Very good,' I replied. 'Let us go away. Where shall we go? Where have we not been already, tell me? Dragging the poor children about all over the world. Can you tell me where to go? On the ship going to Constantinople we were nearly pushed overboard by a gang of officers because they didn't like Jews. When we got to Constantinople we dragged ourselves about the town and couldn't find a place to live in. Then we went to Marseilles and we went to Paris. We suffered hell three times over. At last we managed to find a home in Berlin. And now we've got the same thing again. Where shall we go this time? Tell me, I ask you.'"

"Why do you worry me like this?" Samuelson returned peevishly. "You're a terrible person, you are! Go and ask God! Why do you ask me? I can't tell you. I don't know myself. I shall have nightmares with all these things you are telling me. I don't know where I am myself. All the Jews in Berlin have gone mad; they go gibbering about pogroms and blood. They'll drive me as mad as they are themselves. I'm not a pogromist. What do you want of me? Why do you frighten me like this? I shall start to cry in a minute."

The coffee on the table was cold. The umbrellas outside went past as in

aloud. The head waiter bustled about from table to table.

"I keep on asking myself," Rosenberg went on, "What am I? What is it all about? These thousands of us here, what does it all mean? What are we afraid of? Why haven't we anywhere to go to? I don't understand. America won't let us come in. Isn't that a pogrom if you ask me? A different kind of a pogrom. They butcher us with the blunt end of the knife. What does it matter if they call it an affidavit? It's the same thing, isn't it? What does it mean—affidavit? I don't understand."

Samuelson looked up angrily at Rosenberg. He called the head waiter, paid him his bill, flung a half-muttered goodbye at Rosenberg, and went out into the street.

"Straight home," he said to himself. "Straight home, and pack up at once! Let the wife shout. I don't care! She won't go to any theatre to-night. We're going to the station, right away. Thank the Lord I've the visa ready. I don't care if we have to starve. I can't go on living in this continual fear."

He jumped into a taxi. Rosenberg stared out into the street. People went hurrying past. The rain stopped. The umbrellas suddenly disappeared. The traffic hummed. It seemed to him as if it was humming a song—a song which told how good it was for the Christians and how terrible for the Jews! "Move on, move on," it seemed to say to them. "Get out, you Jews!"

The everlasting Jewish tragedy! Wandering, wandering. Always wandering! Wehin?

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CHARITY BALL POSTPONED OWING TO RABBI'S PROTEST

Bucharest (J.T.A.).—A charity ball organized by Jewish students, in Oradea, Transylvania, for the purpose of raising 50,000 lei for a Jewish hospital

Rabbi Benjamin Fuchs strenuously denounced the arrangements committee of the ball from his pulpit last Saturday, declaring that Jewish girls would dance in indecent dresses, and that money raised through such methods would taint the hospital. Because of this expression of the rabbi's opinion, the plan for the ball was abandoned.

The local Roumanian paper, "Cylkos," attacked the rabbi editorially, charging that on account of his interference the sick people of the town have been deprived of the necessary hospital facilities. The local orthodox Jews, however, have held a meeting at which they declared their adherence to the rabbi.

TWO JEWISH COMMUNISTS EX- CLUDED FROM SOVIET DELE- GATION TO ENGLAND

London (J.T.A.). Maxim Litvinoff and the Jewish Communist Rothstein are not included in the official Soviet Delegation which is leaving for England for the purpose of taking part in the Anglo-Russian Conference to be held here. The exclusion of these two Bolshevik leaders is the result of objections on the part of Great Britain to the participation of Litvinoff and Rothstein, both of whom are considered by the government to have Anglophobic sentiments.

A statement issued in Moscow declares that the reason for the elimination of Litvinoff and Rothstein is their ill health.

NUMBER OF JEWISH STUDENTS DECREASING BECAUSE OF ANTI-SEMITISM

Bucharest (J.T.A.).—The number of Jewish students at the University of Klausenberg has been decreased to one-third on account of the anti-Semitic movement in the University. Only one hundred Jewish students are registered at the Medical School of the University out of a total of 634. Last semester the

students are registered out of a total number of 153.

RIGHTS OF AMERICANS IN PAL- ESTINE TO BE SECURED BY SPECIAL TREATY

Washington (J.T.A.).—The rights of Americans in Palestine will be secured by a special treaty to be concluded shortly between the United States and England. Great Britain expressed her desire to resume negotiations after the treaty between the United States and France concerning the rights of Americans in Syria and Lebanon was concluded several days ago.

The signing of this treaty with Great Britain would constitute additional recognition on the part of America of the provisions of the Mandate for the creation of the Jewish national homeland in Palestine.

THURINGEN MINISTER RESIGNS UNDER ANTI-SEMITIC PRESSURE

Berlin (J.T.A.).—The Thuringen Minister of Finance Stölze, a leader of the Right Party, handed in his resignation to-day on account of the ultimatum submitted to him by Arthur Dinter's Völkische Partei.

The anti-Semitic Nationalist Party demanded that Stölze, a Jew, threaten that unless he did so the Government would be overthrown by a vote of lack of confidence in the Diet. Stölze considered this demand so contrary to the best interests of the country that he preferred resigning from the Government to submitting to the demand of the Nationalist Party.

Financial and economic circles in Thuringen sharply condemn the action of the anti-Semites against Stölze, contending that it is owing to Stölze's financial genius that the monetary

MONTREAL

All communications for the Montreal section of The Canadian Jewish Review must reach the office not later than Monday noon of each week. Phone Main 4079. Room 920, Transportation Building, 120 St. James Street, Montreal.

Social

Mr. and Mrs. J. Margolis are spending some time in Boston.

Mr. Jonas Myerson, who was for the past few months in France and Germany, has returned home and is living at the Windsor Hotel.

Mrs. Moe Brainin and baby son, Abrasha, Fairmount Avenue, left last week to spend some time in Chicago.

Mrs. S. Robinson, formerly of Montreal, but now of Brooklyn, N.Y., is expected in town as the guest of Mrs. G. Grey Park Avenue.

Mrs. A. D. Gould and children, Beatrice and Fred, left for New York last Friday to attend the wedding of Miss Mabel Laskovitch and to stay over the Passover holidays with Mrs. Gould's mother, Mrs. Cohen, of Newark.

Miss Chirce Livshitz, has returned from New York where she spent a week visiting friends after her recent illness of six weeks, and is now resuming her studies.

Mrs. Louis Coleman entertained at the tea hour on April 7, in honour of Miss Esther Feldgenbaum who was married this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Sommer, Roslyn Avenue, are sailing for Europe in May, to remain away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Alpern are leaving in May to live in New York.

Mrs. R. Tarsches, of Albany, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. S. Solomon, Vendome Avenue.

Miss Frances Kellert, of Albany, is spending Passover with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kellert, Redfern Avenue.

Mrs. Reuben Braun, of New York, who met with an accident and was confined to the General Hospital for some weeks, is convalescing at the home of her daughter, Mrs. O. Schuler, Rockland Avenue.

Misses Ann and Evelyn Bilsky, Roslyn Avenue, are spending Passover with their grandmother, Mrs. M. Bilsky, of Ottawa.

Mrs. S. P. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Myers and son, Cote St. Antoine Road, Montreal, are guests at the Hotel Majestic, Nice.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lande, Grosvenor Avenue, returned this week from a trip to Lakewood, Atlantic City and New York.

Dr. Ben Benjamin, chief resident physician at the Philadelphia Children's Hospital, arrived in town on Friday to spend Passover with his mother and sisters on St. Joseph Boulevard West.

Miss Reba Colman, Seymour Avenue, entertained at a Mah Jong party, on Tuesday, April 8. Covers were laid for eight.

Mrs. J. Brody, Botrel Avenue, entertained at bridge on April 9. The living room was decorated with roses. Cards were played at six tables. Prize-winners were: Mesdames J. Kert, J. Josefo, C. Kandestine, D. Brody, F. Lippman and M. Pesner.

Mr. and Mrs. Murat Bey, who for the past two years have been travelling on the continent, are living at Glen Cottage, Western Avenue.

Mrs. S. Talpis, Arlington Avenue, who was a patient at the Royal Victoria Hospital, is convalescing at her home.

The friends of Miss Eileen Fels, Belmont Avenue, gave her a surprise party at her home on April 11. The house was decorated with spring flowers. About fifteen couples were present. Mr. Gerald Fels played the piano, and Mr. Bram Rose the violin.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis Gross, of New York, are the guests of Mrs. Gross's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gittleson, Dorchester Street West, for Passover.

Mrs. I. M. Levy, nee Celia Lefkowitz, of Brooklyn, New York, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. Levy, are the guests of Mrs. I. M. Levy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lefkowitz, Nelson Avenue, for Passover.

Mrs. J. N. Neumann, Cote St. Antoine Road, entertained at a "violet tea" last Friday afternoon. On the Thursday afternoon previous violers were made at Temple Emanu-El by the Sisterhood for the tag day this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. Markowitz, 129a Hutchison Street, are leaving for Ottawa on Saturday, to spend Passover as the guests of Mrs. J. Bercovitch.

Mr. Harry Jacoby, Lorne Crescent Avenue, who spent a few days in New York, has returned to town.

Miss Jennie Osmon, Jeanne Mance Street, entertained informally on Sunday evening.

Mr. Bram de Sola, Macgregor Avenue, who sailed for England last Thursday, will remain away until August.

Misses Rosetta and Fanny Wolff, Argyle Avenue, will spend Passover with their grandfather, Mr. Montefiore Joseph, of Quebec.

Mrs. A. Wiseman, of Smith's Falls, Ont., and little daughters, Pearl and Judith, are spending Passover with Mrs. Wiseman's mother, Mrs. R. D. Vineberg, Claremont Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kleinberger and baby daughter, Joy Patricia, of California, are visiting Mrs. Kleinberger's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rabinovitch, Belgium Avenue.

Dr. Louis J. Notkin, who has been studying in Germany for the past six months, has gone to Vienna, to continue his studies.

Mr. M. King, of St. John, N.B., is a guest at the Mount Royal Hotel.

Mrs. Chas. Kandestine, Botrel Avenue, entertained informally on April 13, in honour of her guest, Miss Rose Silverman, of Portland, and her niece, Miss Sophie Silverman, of Quebec. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Rigler, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Shulman, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Wener, Mr. and Mrs. John Valansky, Misses Rose Silverman, Sophie Silverman, Helene Fenster, Miriam Carter, Celia Rosenbaum, Gussie Fenster and Messrs. M.

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King, of St. John, N.B., W. Kaplansky, Alec Goldberg, Alf. Ruttenberg and J. Singer.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Lande, Roslyn Avenue, returned last week from a trip to New York and Atlantic City.

Mrs. Theodore H. Livingstone, Metcalfe Avenue, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bertram B. Jacobs, London, Ont.

Mrs. H. M. Ripstein and little daughter, Riva, Northcliffe Avenue, are leaving for Atlantic City on Sunday.

Mr. Norman Fischel is spending some time in Eastern Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Barsky, Esplanade Avenue, entertained a number of their friends, March 30, the occasion of the first birthday anniversary of their son, Irving. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. L. Goldman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Markovitch, Mrs. S. Barsky, the grandmother of the child, Mrs. Mallek, Mr. and Mrs. U. Kushner, Mr. and Mrs. S. Polisuk, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Polisuk, Mr. and Mrs. Katz, Mr. and Mrs. Maccarovsky, Mr. and Mrs. Bishefsky, Misses Anne and Rae Polisuk, Misses Sara and Bena Polisuk, and Messrs. Moe Polisuk, R. Barsky, Max Polisuk and Moe Polisuk.

Sylvia Wexler, ten years old, 1978 Park Avenue, who met with a street accident one day last week, and was taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital, is now out of danger.

Mrs. R. Adilman, Cote St. Antoine Road, who was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Goldstein, of New York, for some weeks, returned home on Sunday last.

Mrs. M. Asch, Lansdowne Avenue, who spent some time as the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Asch, of Cincinnati, has returned home.

Dr. and Mrs. Norman Viner, Bishop Street, who were in New York to attend the wedding of Mrs. Viner's sister, Miss Theora Katz, will return shortly.

Mr. Morris Erlanger, Bloomfield Avenue, who is travelling in Northern Ontario, is expected home for Passover.

Mr. A. B. Hudson, of Winnipeg, was in town last week, and a guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Jacobs, Cote St. Antoine Road, at the tea hour.

Miss Gertrude Rosen and Messrs. Isadore and Leo Rosen, Cote St. Antoine Road, left for Philadelphia, on Monday, to attend the marriage of their sister, Miss Florence Rosen, to Mr. Harry Gordon, which took place on the 16th.

Mr. Louis Rubinstein, of Montreal, was re-elected to the presidency of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, at the annual meeting held in Toronto last week.

Max N. Crestohl, of McGill University, was the winner of the fencing championship of the Province of Quebec on Saturday last, when he was one bout up on Henry L. Silverstone, also of McGill.

Mr. Jack Lachoveitz, Smith's Falls, Ont., was in Montreal attending the Richer-Leffell wedding.

"The Mountaineers" entertained at a farewell party in honour of Mr. Norman Smith, on April 5, at 1425 St. Urbain Street. Master of Ceremonies, H. H. Herscovitch was in charge of the entertainment committee. Messrs. Moe Krasove and H. M. Weisberg, of the house committee, were in charge of refreshments. A playlet entitled "April Fool" was presented by Messrs. J. C. Mann, M. Krasove, and H. M. Weisberg. Mr. Smith was presented with a sterling silver cigarette case by the president, Mr. A. S. Kishner, on behalf



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Among the entertainments held in honour of Miss Ethel Kelman, of New York, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. Solomon, Park Avenue, was an informal dance given last Saturday evening by Miss Eleanor Diamond, 2184 Waverly Avenue. Among those present were: Misses Rae Shapiro, Alma Klitzner, Maria Greenhood, Mollie Cohen, Jessie Cotsen, Minnie Nemtin, Dorothy Diamond, and Messrs. Harry Cotsen, Al Sheer, Jack Aisoff, Mr. Gittleman, Phil Roman, Mac Nemtin, Leonard

Misses Jessie Cotsen and Minnie Nemtin. Miss Eleanor Diamond, who sang, was accompanied on the piano by Mr. Gittleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Jacobs, Greene Avenue, left for New York this week.

MARRIAGES

Ghent—Feigenbaum

The marriage of Esther, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Feigenbaum, to Mr. Samuel Lester Ghent, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ghent, of Montreal, was solemnized at the Bnai Jacob Synagogue on Tuesday, April 15, at 5.30 o'clock. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory kitten's ear crepe, trimmed with pearls and rhinestones. Her embroidered veil of silk net was arranged with a bandeau of pearls and rhinestones, and she carried a bouquet of orchids. The groom wore a tuxedo and carried a boutonniere of orchids.

in a French beaded gown of black, with a bouquet of American beauties, and Miss Betty Ghent, bridesmaid, in a French gown of green, beaded, with a bouquet of American beauties. Mr. Mac Nemtin was best man, and Louis Coleman, usher. The two little flower girls, Freda Rothberg and Rose Feldman, were dressed alike in frocks of white satin and carried baskets of rose petals and sweet peas. The gifts to the bride's attendants were sterling vanity ornaments, to the groomsmen, pearl pen knives, and to the flower girls, bead necklaces. The mother of the bride wore a gown of black satin-faced canton, with corsage of Premier roses. Mrs. J. Ghent wore black charmeuse, beaded, with corsage of red roses. After the ceremony, a dinner was served at the home of Mrs. J. Millman, Park Avenue, for the immediate family. About sixty guests were present. A reception followed in the living room which was

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are travelling through New York State, and in Atlantic City, will live in Montreal. Going away, the bride wore a navy blue suit, with a fox fur, the gift of the groom, and a green hat with encircled ostrich trimming.

Weinberg-Genser

The marriage of Etta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Genser, of Montreal, to Mr. Adolph Weinberg, of Los Angeles, was solemnized at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. M. Genser, 1723 South Bronson Avenue, Los Angeles, on April 6, the Rev. Dr. Silverman officiating. The house was decorated with roses and sweet peas. The bride,

who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white crepe romaine, beaded with crystal beads. Her veil of silk net was arranged with a bandeau of pearls, and she carried a shower bouquet of orchids and orange blossoms. Her attendants were Miss Lena Becker, formerly of Montreal, as maid of honor, in a gown of burnt orange lace and chiffon velvet with headdress of rhinestones; and Miss Rose Tannenbaum, formerly of Montreal, in an orange colored canton crepe gown, beaded. They both carried shower bouquets of Columbia roses and sweet peas. Charlotte Genser, the little flower girl, wore a frock of maize georgette and carried a basket of sweet peas. Tubby Genser was the trainbearer. Mr. Hyman Rosenthal was best man, and the groomsmen was Mr. Leo Becker. Mrs. M. Genser, aunt of the bride, was gowned in black lace, trimmed with gold tissue and with corsage of red roses. The gifts to the bride's attendants were gold combs, and to the groomsmen gold penknives. A buffet supper was served. The dining room was in charge of Mesdames M. Genser, H. Weinberg, L. Weinberg and H. Genser. The out-of-town guests included Mrs. and Miss Morantz, of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. L. Stober, of Montreal, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Genser, of Stockton, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Weinberg left on a motor trip to San Francisco, Santiago and Marietta Springs. On their return they will live at 2623 1/2 Lasalle Street, Los Angeles.

Silverstein - Rudolph

The marriage of Irene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudolph, Strathcona Avenue, to Mr. Paul Silverstein, took place on Tuesday afternoon, April 15, at five-thirty, at the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, Westmount. Rabbi Dr. Abramowitz, assisted by the Rev. Segal and Rabbi Singer, officiated. The synagogue was arranged with arches of spring flowers and southern smilax; the guest pews were tied with pew bunches consisting of spring flowers and white tulle; the altar was arranged with flowering plants and banded with palms.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white chiffon with a bodice of rhinestones, and a circular skirt inset with motifs of real French lace. The court train of motifs of French lace and chiffon fell from the shoulders and was held with true-lovers' knots of orange blossoms. Her veil of Brussels net was arranged with a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley.

The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. S. M. Eisenstadt, matron of honour, in a gown of beige chiffon, with lace hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet of Columbia and sweetheart roses. The bridesmaids were Misses Lilian Rudolph, sister of the bride, in gown of cream lace, Ida Liverman, in pale yellow chiffon, Esther Kert, in peach chiffon, and Rosalie Rose, in coral chiffon, all carrying Premier roses. The flower girls, Vera Eisenstadt and Sonia Levinson, in white georgette, carried baskets of sweet peas.

The groom was attended by Mr. Moe Rutenberg, best man, and the Messrs. Joe Eisenstadt, Frank Singer, Lou Tannenbaum, Joe Rose and Nat. Kaplan were ushers.

Mrs. A. Rudolph, mother of the bride, wore a French gown of black lace, with black hat and bird of paradise mount, and carried deep red roses.

Mrs. A. Silverstein, mother of the groom, was gowned in black lace with hat to match and also carried deep red roses. The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Eisenstadt and daughter Vera, of New York; and Mrs. S. H. Ratner, of Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Silverstein are in Atlantic City, and will live in Montreal.

MARRIAGES

Feiner-Gross

On April 12, 1924, in Brooklyn, Estab.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Sabloff, Old Orchard Avenue, on April 14, a boy.

On April 13, 1924, at 54 St. Cyrille Street, Outremont, to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Schwartz, a daughter.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mrs. F. Lenetsky announces the engagement of her eldest daughter, Sarah, to Morris Rosenthal, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Rosenthal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Flax announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Eva, to Mr. Chas. Bloomfield, of this city, wedding to take place shortly.

BNAI JACOB YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

This society held their annual elections at the meeting of April 10, at which Geo. Harris, of the Field Service Bureau of the Sun Life Assurance Co., was the speaker. Miss Frances Levikoff recited, and Miss Wiseman played the piano. The following were elected: Vice-president, Al Raginsky; treasurer, Dr. M. Simon; corresponding secretary, Elizabeth Goldstein; recording secretary, Kate Vilinsky; executive board, Misses Hattie Ginsberg and Gertie Illievitz, Messrs. Ed. Barkoff, Dr. Ben Gold, and Louis Gelfand. A president was not elected as the Bnai Jacob Congregation expects to have a young New York rabbi here, who may become president of the Young People's Society. Pending his arrival, Mr. Jos. Shapiro, the retiring president, will continue his duties.

COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN

This society met in the Auxiliary room of the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, Westmount, on Thursday, April 17, at 3 p.m. Mrs. Ben Joseph gave a reading, Miss Ruth C. Brotman sang, and Mde. Eva Plouffe Stopes played the piano. Tea.

HEBREW ORPHANS' HOME

The annual election of the board of directors of the Montreal Hebrew Orphans' Home, one of the constituent societies of Federation, took place on March 30. The members of the new board are as follows: Felix Leopold, Chas. Fisher, A. Kellnor, F. Bramson, M. Albert, M. Rittenberg, S. Hart, Dr. A. P. Ship, Norman Freedman, A. J.



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Ontario Laundry

Alexander, H. M. L. H. M. Ripstein, I. I. vitch. The first box on April 10, and the President, M. Ritter, H. M. Levine; secretary, P. Meyer. committee was formed. Plans are under way for the new summer bazaar. The two representative trustees of Federation Philanthropies are Messrs. H. M. Levine.

BARON DE H. CL.

Professor E. M. University, will speak Sunday, April 27, on in Canadian Education. reference to training. Public invited.

RECEPTION TO

A reception was held by the Jewish Immigration Committee of Canada, for the Barondess, commissary, New York City, immigration problem. Mr. Barondess, with Mrs. Barondess, especially for the \$50,000 campaign, in the Monument N. meeting.

At the luncheon were: Lionel Cowen, Jewish Immigrant Aid, Lyon Cohen, president Association; Jo vice-president, Federation Philanthropies; Bern surer, Jewish Colon Abraham A. Levin, and others.

CHORAL AND SOCIETY OF HASHOMAYIM

The Choral and entertained the cast at a formal supper community Centre on A Fineberg, the president was in charge of assisted by Mrs. Lee Moe Brown, Mrs. Misses Maud Goldn man.

SHAAR HASHOMAYIM SCHOOL

A Passover entertainment provided for the pupils School, on April 23, pictures.

SPANISH AND SYNAGOGUE

The committee inments for the bazaar Hotel, on October 2 letters from the Local Women and from mayim Ladies Auxiliary operation. Miss Reh ing the expenses of possible the bazaar in

The Young People Spanish and Portuguese invited to attend a Spanish and Portuguese Stanley Street, Sun 10 a.m.

CALANTHE TEM PYTHIAN

The Calanthe Temple Sisters, will meet at Hotel, on Monday, April

LADIES BIKU SOCIETY

This society met Rabbi of the Bnai Jacob

Alexander, H. M. Levine, J. H. Wener, I. M. Ripstein, I. Kert and P. Meyerovitch. The first board meeting was held on April 10, and the following elected: President, M. Rittenberg; vice-president, H. M. Levine; treasurer, S. Hart; secretary, P. Meyerovitch. An advisory committee was formed of all the past presidents of the board of directors. Plans are under way for the building of the new summer home at Shawbridge. The two representatives to the board of trustees of Federation of Jewish Philanthropies are Messrs. M. Rittenberg and I. M. Levine.

BARON DE HIRSCH BOOK CLUB

Professor E. M. Best, of McGill University, will speak to this club on Sunday, April 27, on "Conflicting Ideals in Canadian Education," with particular reference to training for citizenship. Public invited.

RECEPTION TO BARONDESS

A reception was held on Sunday, April 17, by the Jewish Immigrant Aid Society of Canada, for the Honourable Joseph Barondess, commissioner of education, New York City, and authority on immigration problems.

Mr. Barondess, who was accompanied by Mrs. Barondess, came to Montreal specially for the launching of the \$50,000 campaign, and made an appeal in the Monument National at the mass meeting.

At the luncheon among those present were: Lionel Coviensky, president, Jewish Immigrant Aid Society of Canada; Myron Cohen, president, Jewish Colonization Association; Joseph Levinson, Sr., vice-president, Federation of Jewish Philanthropies; Bernard Goldstein, treasurer, Jewish Colonization Association; Abraham A. Levin, Zionist Federation; and others.

CHORAL AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY OF SHAAH HASHOMAYIM SYNAGOGUE

The Choral and Dramatic Society entertained the cast of the "Mikado" at a formal supper dance at the Community Centre on April 16. Mrs. Moe Weinberg, the president of the society, was in charge of the arrangements, assisted by Mrs. Leo Livingstone, Mrs. Joe Brown, Mrs. Leo Bramson, and Misses Maud Goldman and Leah Cossan.

SHAAH HASHOMAYIM SABBATH SCHOOL

A Passover entertainment will be provided for the pupils of the Sabbath School, on April 23. Music and moving pictures.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE SYNAGOGUE BAZAAR

The committee in charge of arrangements for the bazaar, in the Windsor Hotel, on October 28-30, has received letters from the Local Council of Jewish Women and from the Shaah Hashomayim Ladies Auxiliary promising co-operation. Miss Reba Goltman, defraying the expenses of the hall, will make possible the bazaar in the large ball room.

The Young People's Assembly of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue are invited to attend a special service at the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, 135 Stanley Street, Sunday, April 20, at 8 a.m.

CALANTHE TEMPLE NO 1, PYTHIAN SISTERS

The Calanthe Temple No. 1, Pythian Sisters, will meet at the Mount Royal Hotel, on Monday, April 21, at 8.15 p.m.

LADIES BIKUR CHOILIM SOCIETY

This society met on April 9, when Rabbi of the Bnai Jacob Synagogue was

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE SISTERHOOD

The Sisterhood met on Thursday, April 10. Miss Anna Kirschberg gave a reading, and Miss Anne Kramer played the piano. Rabbi Jos. Corcos will be the speaker at the last meeting of the season, the second Thursday in May.

PASSOVER SERMONS

TENTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF DUFFERIN SCHOOL GRADUATES SOCIETY

Robert Calder was the speaker at the tenth anniversary meeting of the Dufferin School Graduates' Society, Monday, April 14, at the Commercial High School, Sherbrooke Street. Representatives were present from the Bnai Jacob Y.P.S.; Adath Jeshurun Y.P.S.; Chevra kadisha Y.P.A.; and Baron de Hirsch Book Club. Mr. I. Charness, the president, presided

who was president for nine years: J. Singer, Miss Potashner, Miss Ray Kishner, Miss Alice Pinsler, Miss S. L. Epstein, and Messrs. I. Gurnian, M. Zolof, and newer members such as Misses M. and T. Lankovsky, Lilly Schwartz, S. Landskroner, Lillian Yampolsky, Esther Levine, Sarah Miller, an indefatigable worker, Leah Pincusoff and Messrs. Isadore Solomon, I. Charness, Jos. Parnass, S. Wevrick, Glazier, Bromstein, Solomon, Silverman, and Block. This year the society was instrumental



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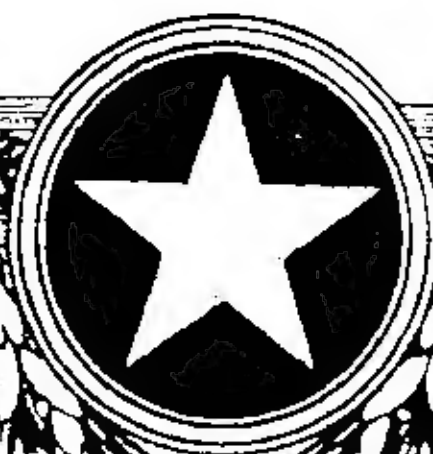
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TEMPLE EMANUEL

Over ninety people were present at the cabaret supper dance which was held under the auspices of the Temple Emanuel Sisterhood on April 8, in the Temple Hall. Supper was served at little tables placed around the sides of the room, which was decorated in red and black, and dimly lighted with candles. Programme: Joe Horwitz, song and dance; Elvira Silver, Spanish dance; Mrs. Joe Aron, song; Elaine Neumann, song and dance, accompanied by Marjorie Neumann at piano; Alfred Saxe, songs; bagpipes, Mr. Wartell. Supper was served by a number of girls dressed in Bohemian costumes. An orchestra played for dancing.

Final meeting of the Sisterhood for this season, May 13, in the form of a luncheon.

DR. SCHMARYA GORELICK TO SPEAK ON ROMAIN ROLLAND

Dr. Schmarya Gorelick, eminent litterateur, will speak on Romain Rolland, at the home of Mr. H. M. Caiserman, 2081 St. Urbain Street, on Sunday afternoon. Tickets from Belair 4842J; only forty will be sold.

VIOLET DAY COMMITTEE

The Sisterhood of Temple Emanuel assisted in the Violet Tag Day for all the children's hospitals in the city, by making 10,000 violets and by organizing teams of taggers.

Mrs. J. D. Kuppenheimer, chairman of the Social Service Board, has been appointed convener of the Sisterhood team which will assist in the Federated Charities Drive, in October.

MUSIC AND DRAMATIC CLUB

The Music and Dramatic Club of the Council of Jewish Women on Sunday afternoon in the Temple Emanuel Hall gave a programme devoted chiefly to the musical works of Russian composers, also included a one-act play of David Pinsky's, entitled "Forgotten Souls." The two protagonists were played by Dorothy Davis Stein and Edwin J. Wayte, with Hazel Lozinski in the role of a girl friend. A pianoforte concerto by Rimsky Korsakoff, played by the Misses F. and M. Ratner, opened the programme. A trio for violin, cello and piano was given by Mrs. A. Ilievitz, Miss F. Ballon and Miss L. de Sola. The soloists on the programme were Miss R. Brotman and Mr. A. Goodstone, the former being heard in two Russian songs. Mr. Goodstone sang two Russian songs. Miss J. Enzer and Mr. F. L. Flight were the accompanists.

JEWISH COMMUNITY WINS LEGAL TRIUMPH AGAINST CITY

The Jewish community may once more maintain as many poultry slaughter-houses in Montreal as they choose. Mr. Justice Coderre has rendered judgment holding unconstitutional and void Art. 29 of By-law No. 828, and other articles of the same by-law, which restricted to eight the number of such slaughter-houses.

The Jewish community as a whole, and also the Poultry Dealers' Association, opposed the new by-law as a discrimination against the Jewish people, and a test case was taken against the city in the name of Mrs. Friedman (Dame Hattie Vineberg), to have that part of the by-law which restricted the number of Jewish establishments, quashed as unconstitutional, illegal, and an act of unfair discrimination against the Jewish citizens.

The matter came before Mr. Justice Coderre, on September 24, the firm of

Winberg, Sperber, Levine and Shvemar, appearing jointly with Bernard Rose, for the petitioners. The judgment was delayed by the city asking for permission to re-open the case and amend their defence, but Mr. Justice Coderre handed out judgment this morning, upholding the petition.

JOINT BANQUET-CONCERT

The first annual union banquet-concert of the Young People's Societies of the Chevra Kadisha and of the New Adath Jeshurun Congregations took place at the Baron de Hirsch Headquarters, Lower Hall, 410 Bleury Street, on Thursday, April 10, at 9 p.m. The tables were decorated with flowers. Prof. Carrie Derick, member of the Protestant C.T. of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec, spoke on "Evolution and Democracy." Seated at the head table were Prof. Derick, Rabbi and Mrs. J. Berger and A. J. Livinson. Programme: Piano solo, Miss Miriam Herman, "Polish Dance"; vocal solo, Miss Eva Rost, accompanied by Miss Marian Bagan; violin solo, Mr. Sam Goodman, accompanied by Miss Minnie Herman. The supper was served by the 40th Baron de Hirsch Boy Scouts.

Refreshment committee: Misses Freda Rudner, Shirley Rosenstein and Anna Zetovitch, for making the salads; Misses Leah Levitsky, Y. A. Weber, Ada Weber, Annie Rubinovitch, in helping to prepare the rest of the supper, and decorating the hall and tables. Electric lights and decorations: Mr. Ben Erdle, Mr. Bernard, A. Lewis, J. Naimen. Reception committee: Miss Levitsky, Miss Weber, Miss Sarah Miller, Mr. Jack Rudner, Mr. J. Pervin, R. Bach, Harry Harris, A. J. Livinson. Arrangements committee: Fanny Novek, Max Mechlovitch and A. J. Livinson.

BNAI BRITH

The last meeting of the Mount Royal Lodge of Bnai Brith was held on April 10, in the form of past presidents' and district deputy's night. Mr. Laflamme was the guest speaker. Short speeches were made by Henry Weinfeld, Marcus Sperber, Dr. Simon Kirsch, and Max Bernfeld. Eleven new members were initiated. Special music.

UNITED ORTHODOX SYNAGOGUES

The United Orthodox Synagogues have received several carloads of matzos, which will be sold at eight cents a pound to the needy, instead of at the current rate of seventeen cents. Further information from J. B. Miller, Main 3794.

QUEBEC CITY

Mr. H. Silverman, of Quebec, who spent some time in Montreal on a business trip, has returned home.

Miss Sophie Silverman, of Quebec, is spending a few days in Montreal, the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Joseph, Oxford Avenue, Notre Dame de Grace.

Under the leadership of Miss Rosetta Joseph, the following members of the No. 2 Girl Guides of Quebec City passed their tenderfoot exam.: Mae Silverman, Gertrude Feinholz, Ruth Lax, Naomi Surkin, Brana Lax, Daisy Lazarovitz, Florence Silverman, Bella Gardner, Anita Schwartzbard, Ethel Serchuk.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of my brother, Harry Kindestin, who died April 14, 1909. His sister Rachel.

OTTAWA

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Crawford have returned after spending a week in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Goldfield are leaving for Montreal to spend the holidays with Mrs. M. Rapp.

Mr. Irving Freedman, of Montreal, will spend Passover week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Freedman.

Mrs. Chas. Kert has returned from Montreal where she visited her mother, Mrs. S. Kolber, who is convalescing after a recent operation.

Mr. Maurice Brodie is home from McGill college for the holidays.

Miss Eva Abramson is leaving to spend the holidays with her parents in Kingston.

Mrs. Geo. M. Wolf, who was the winner of the birthday cake which was raffled at the Hadassah Fair recently, held a bridge and tea Wednesday afternoon of last week, the proceeds of which went towards Hadassah funds. Miss Helen Abelson received the donations. The tea-table was centered with daffodils and presided over by Mrs. A. J. Freiman who cut the cake.

Mrs. A. Pinco entertained at a card party last Saturday evening in honour of Mrs. Chas. Lerman, of New York. The hostess was assisted in serving by Mrs. M. L. Diamond.

BNAI BRITH MEETING

Mr. S. W. Jacobs, K.C., M.P., of Montreal, addressed an open meeting of the Bnai Brith last Thursday evening in Pythian Hall on immigration.

Mr. B. Goldfield occupied the chair and a vote of thanks was extended the speaker by Mr. Ben Fox and Mr. B. Pearl. Refreshments. Dancing. Miss Rose Sinclair danced and played the violin, accompanied by Miss Lillian Stein. Each was presented with a bouquet of roses. The entertainment committee was composed of Messrs. F. H. Sinclair, J. Sugarman and B. Fogle.

The refreshment table was presided over by Mrs. I. Sugarman and Mrs. B. Pearl, assisted by Misses Anne Freedman, Olive Pullan, Sarah Horwitz and Mrs. Jack Horwitz.

TO OPEN TALMUD TORAH

Mr. A. J. Freiman will re-open the Ottawa Hebrew School, George Street, on Sunday afternoon, April 27. This was the announcement made at a special meeting of the executive of the board of directors and the Ladies' Auxiliary to the school. The Talmud Torah has been renovated and a new auditorium has been fitted out on the second floor. A reception and dance will be held in the evening when members of the Ladies' Auxiliary will be in charge of the decorations and refreshments. The committee is composed of Mrs. L. Leikin, Mrs. J. J. Marks, Mrs. M. Loeb, Mrs. M. Roodman and Mrs. Benj. Goldfield. The meeting was presided over by Mr. M. Loeb, chairman of the arrangements committee.

THE PIONEER IN CANADA

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MOLOT

In a recent game between Clans, at won, score Molots—A. Molot, 8; Wolfson, 8; Abelsonson, 2; N. Millar, 6.

Mr. Jac. Ont., spent attending ing.

At the J. was a big afternoon, younger so Edelstein, relatives an ary. His and Freda Elliot, Leo Lionel Me Coplan; o Simonoff, sky, Fanni Sylvia Heil man, Hyma Borta child Bayne. M Jewish soo impromptu stein and P tea table, and Mrs. and Mrs. J.

Coplan, A. Borts, Polisky, B. Bookman, Hollander, R. Vechsler and Miss Lucy Bayne.

HAMILTON

Mr. Jake Kulick, of Buffalo, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kulick, Barton Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Adaskin have returned from their wedding trip.

Miss Rose Wolff, of Chicago, is making a prolonged visit with Mr. and Mrs. Sutton.

Miss Pauline Sweet, of Rochester, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sweet, Ottawa Street.

Dr. Leslie Lewis, of Toronto, will spend the Passover with his parents on Myrtle Avenue.

Mr. Hart, of Toronto, spent several days in town last week.

Mrs. H. P. Kenton was hostess at a social evening of the Grand Order of Israel, Ladies' Auxiliary. The evening was spent in cards and the prize-winners were Mrs. F. Caplin, Mrs. Siebert and Mrs. D. Mildroom. Refreshments, dancing.

Mr. Ralph Rubin will spend the Passover with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rubin, Toronto.

Mr. Seymour Morris and Mr. Herman Goldberg, of Buffalo, were in town on Sunday.

Mr. Louis Minden has returned from Montreal.

Miss Frances Seltzer is spending a week in Buffalo, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Shapiro.

A reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seltzer, York Street, in celebration of the bar-mitzvah of their son Harry, March 23. The home was decorated with daffodils and other spring flowers and supper was served. Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. Rodner, of Toronto, Mr. Shapiro, of Buffalo, and Mrs. Oakum, Detroit.

Miss Mamie Robinson has returned after a three weeks' stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Minden motored to Niagara Falls on Sunday.

Mr. Dave Robinson, who is attending the University of Toronto, spent the past week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, East Avenue.

Miss Edith Hochberg is visiting in Detroit.

Mr. Sam Soskin, of London, was in town on Sunday.

BETH JACOB SOCIAL CIRCLE

The above Circle met on Sunday evening, April 6. Programme: Miss Simms, vocalist, accompanied by Miss Dickinson; violin, Mr. Abe. Chertkoff, accompanied by Miss Dickinson. Mr. Stanley Hall entertained with magic tricks and musical numbers. A committee was appointed to arrange for the annual banquet in the B.J. club-rooms.

COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN

The Council met April 8 in the United Hebrew Building. Mrs. G. S. Dunn spoke on the Save-a-Child Fund and money was voted, the ladies collecting on April 13. Mr. Joseph gave an address on "Government and Citizenship." The annual banquet in June will have as guest of honour Miss Cecilia Razovsky, secretary of the Immigrant Aid Society in New York. Mrs. B.

PROGRESS LEAGUE OF ANSHE SHOLOM

The Progress League met on Sunday evening in the club-rooms. Programme: Messrs. Morton and Maurice Hochberg and Abe Rosenthal, violin trio, accompanied by Mr. Cecil Morris on the ukelele, followed by a talk on "The Origin of the Species" by Mr. Cecil Morris. A block dance was won by Miss Rose Fauman.

NATIONAL FUND ACTIVITIES

The Jewish National Fund is gradually increasing; from \$2,800 in the year 1921, the revenue rises to \$12,000 in 1922 and to \$21,000 in 1923.

Two years ago Canada occupied the twenty-third place on the list of countries contributing towards the J.N.F., but on the last report, recently published at the Jerusalem Headquarters, on the income of the first five months of the present fiscal year (October, 1923 to February, 1924) Canada occupied the third place, contributing the net amount of 3,074 Egyptian pounds as against 1,644 pounds during the same period of the preceding year.

South Africa having a Jewish population only about one-half the number of Canadian Jewry, holds the second place on the lists of the J.N.F. contributions.

During the first three months of the present year the income in Canada was as follows:

	1924	1923
January.....	\$ 823.86	\$709.82
February.....	1,244.40	692.81
March.....	1,459.05	926.83
Total.....	\$3,527.31	\$2,329.46

Montreal brought in \$1,869.27, more than 50 per cent. of the whole. Toronto contributed \$301.40; Winnipeg, \$145.21. The success of Montreal is to be chiefly ascribed to the systematic work on the boxes, carried on by the Hadassah Chapters. Under the guidance of Mr. S. Rogul, a plan was recently elaborated for the work of the J.N.F. and also for the distribution of boxes. In Winnipeg, Mr. H. Bere, chairman and Mr. J. Serebrin, secretary have also arranged with the Winnipeg Chapters of Hadassah to look after the National Fund Boxes.



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Mr. N. Schiffer is also partly responsible for the success of the J.N.F. in Winnipeg. Other towns contributing \$100 and over are: Glace Bay representative Mr. B. Hamburg, \$187.10; Edmonton, Mr. J. Taradash, \$166.42 (\$126.42 of this

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MOLOT QUINTET WINS OVER ABELSON CLANS

In a recent local Y.M.H.A. basketball game between the Molot and Abelson Clans, at No. 4 Fire Hall, the Molot won, score 20-13.

Molots—L. Molot, 5; Sam Molot, 7; A. Molot, R. Molot, E. Wolstein and H. Wolfson, 8. Total, 20.

Abelsons—Jess Abelson, 5; Sid Abelson, 2; Nate Abelson, H. Pearl, Abe Miller, 6. Total 13.

Mr. Jack Lachoveitz, Smith's Falls, Ont., spent the week-end in Ottawa, attending the Weiner-Nathanson wedding.

At the Jewish People's Institute there was a birthday party last Saturday afternoon, when Raphael Edelstein, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Edelstein, 254 Cooper Street, entertained relatives and friends on his fifth anniversary. His cousins attending were Anna and Freda Edelstein, Roslyn, Noel, Elliot, Leo and Sonia Gluck, Teddie and Lionel Metrick, and Harold and Lillian Coplan; others: Hyman Green, Arnie Simonoff, Heral Edelstein, Jennie Polisky, Fannie, Mary and Jeanne Fleming, Sylvia Heilingher, Ethel and Leo Bookman, Hyman Hollander, Myers Vechsler, Borts children, Kathleen and Frankie Bayne. Madame Bertha Pinco sang a Jewish song and the children gave an impromptu concert. Mrs. Harry Edelstein and Mrs. B. Pinco presided at the tea table, assisted by Mrs. N. Metrick and Mrs. Heilingher; Mrs. H. Simonoff and Mrs. J. Salter, and the others.

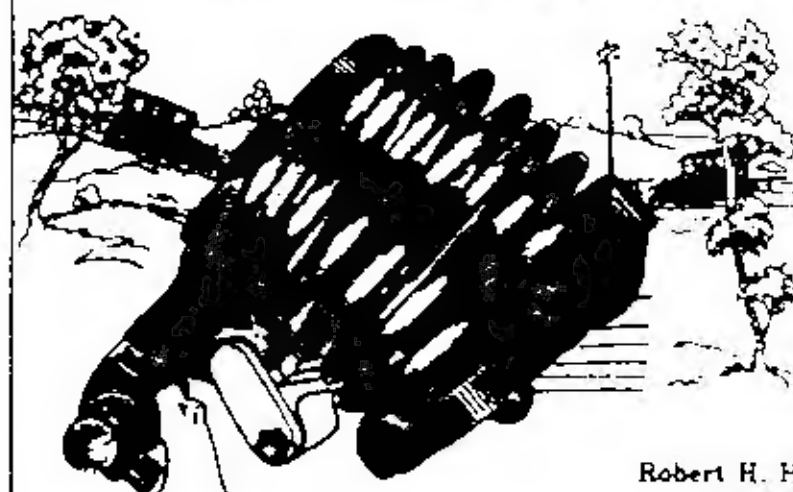
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being for boxes); Timmins, Rev. Jacob Shulman, \$145; Ottawa, Mr. Krantzberg, secretary, \$115; London, Ont., Mr. M. Fishbein, \$110; Fort William, Mr. A. Beriman, \$105.

Towns contributing \$10 and over: Calgary, Mr. S. Jaffe, \$92.82; Vancouver, Mr. Katznelson, \$50; Sydney, A. Sorrota, H. Wolfson, \$56; Ansonville, I. Schwartz, \$28; Amqui, Mr. S. Holzman, \$22.15; Bateman, Mr. H. L. Dwoskin, \$24; Estevan, Mr. M. Berger, \$16.65; Brantford, Mr. M. Nusbaum, \$12; La Tuque, I. Shapiro, \$11; Victoria, Miss J. Lancaster, \$10; Primate, Mr. M. Kravitz, \$10.

Towns contributing up to \$10: Yarmouth, S. Epstein, representative, \$9.10; Peterborough, Rev. P. Levin, \$7.50; Kamsack, Mr. M. Schwartzman, \$7.50; St. John's, Nfld., Mrs. I. Wolinsky, \$6.18; Vegreville, Morris Milner, \$5; Dalhousie, Mr. M. Rinzler, \$5; Tribune, J. Goodman, \$4.25; Lachine, Mr. Miller, \$2.30; Westport, A. Ain, \$1.50.

The income of the different branches is as follows: Boxes, \$1,279.50 (\$901.97 being from Montreal); Golden Book, \$500; Herzl Forest, \$481.66; General National Fund, \$398.68; Nordau Garden

City, \$388.80; Land Fund, \$365; Stamps, \$113.65.

Since the closing of the books of the Zionist Organization, December 7, Hadassah has contributed to the J.N.F. \$3,655.99, of which Montreal contributed \$2,286.87; Toronto, \$605.14; Ottawa, \$115; London, Ont., \$110.50; Fort William, \$105; Glace Bay, \$100; Kingston, \$100; Timmins, \$100; Quebec, \$50; Vancouver, \$50; Sydney, \$25; St. John's Nfld., \$6.18; Lachine, \$2.30.

Mrs. R. Kates is chairman of the Montreal Hadassah Jewish National Fund. Credit is given to the Montreal Junior Chapters of Hadassah who are giving support to the Senior Chapters in the work of clearing the boxes. The following are the Senior Chapters working for the J.N.F., also their chairmen: Central Chapter, Mrs. K. Geffin; Miriam Brainin Ortenberg Chapter, Mrs. S. Jaffe; Mrs. A. Kanigsberg; Queen Esther Chapter, Mrs. J. Schulman; Mrs. S. Kahn; Westmount Chapter, Mrs. H. H. Livingstone; Young Ladies' Zionist, Mrs. J. L. Franklin; Mrs. S. Guttman; North End Chapter, Mrs. B. Bernard; Mrs. A. Poyaner; Eta Cohen Chapter, Mrs. S. Titleman; Miss Polonsky; Sybil Cohen Chapter, Miss Esther Bindman; Rachel Chapter, Mrs. S. Rosenfeld.

The collection for the Nordau Garden City which took place during the past festival of Purim has been organized by the Young Judean Organization of Canada.

HOUSE SPENDS STRENUOUS DAY ON NORDIC CENSUS DISCUSSION

Fist Fight Prevented by Congressman Sabbath

Washington (J.T.A.).—Yesterday the great immigration day in the House of Representatives, was marked by a fist encounter which almost took place between Congressman Watkins, of Oregon and Congressman Gallivan, of Massachusetts, both Democrats. Watkins, who is in favour of the Johnson Bill, had tried unsuccessfully to interrupt Congressman Hill, of Baltimore, who spoke against the bill, and had taken his seat, when Gallivan, who had previously also spoken against the bill, made some undertone remark. Watkins, apparently greatly angered by this remark, made a pass with his fist at Gallivan. Congressman Sabbath, who was sitting near by, with the aid of another Congressman, immediately seized Watkins and prevented further trouble between the two men.

With a special night session lasting until eleven o'clock, discussion on the bill was very heated. Among the speeches made against the bill was a vigorous one by Congressman Meyer Jacobstein, of Rochester, New York. With figures and statistics to prove his points, he showed that it was not true that there is a disproportionately large foreign population in the United States now. The ratio in Lincoln's day was thirteen foreigners to every one hundred natives, and this proportion has not been increased to date. Answering the charge that recent immigration concentrates in cities, he again proved that in Civil War times thirty per cent. of the population lived in cities, while now only twenty-four per cent. do.

Another important speech was made by Congressman Perlman who accused the restrictionists of inserting the exemption of close relatives and other humanitarian features in the Johnson Bill only for the purpose of enabling an easier passage of the 1890 census feature. He openly expressed the fear that as soon as the Johnson Bill is passed in the House, the humanitarian features will be dropped in the expected negotiations with the Senate for an agreement on the two different bills pending in both the Senate and the House.

Among the other Congressmen who spoke against the bill were Congressman Celler, of Brooklyn, who submitted much definite and concrete information to refute the arguments of the restrictionists. Congressman C. G. Condit, of

Gallivan, Tague and Treadway, of Massachusetts.

Congressman Rosenbloom, of West Virginia, a Jew, made a twenty minute speech full of patriotic generalities of what a wonderful country America is, and how loyal he is to the United States, but failed to make a word during his speech his specific attitude toward the bill, although the general impression was that he favoured it. Asked by newspapermen afterwards what his position was, he declared that he intends to vote for the bill, and that in his opinion the Jews are making a great mistake in opposing it because their patriotism will be questioned.

Another argument offered in support of the bill on the floor was that the "New York Times," a newspaper owned by Adolph Ochs, one of the most prominent Jews in America, was in favour of a restricted immigration.

In the Senate very little progress has been made. Senator Shortridge, of California, again monopolized all immigration discussion by continuing his speech against Japanese immigration which he started the day before. The discussion in the Senate will probably be continued to-day.

JEWS IN LATVIA HAVE CULTURAL AUTONOMY BUT MAKE NO USE OF IT, CHARGES LATVIAN MINISTER OF EDUCATION

Riga (J.T.A.).—The Jews in Latvia have a cultural autonomy secured by special law and by the existence of a Jewish Educational Department in the Ministry of Education, declared Professor Strobeck, Latvian Minister of Education. Prof. Strobeck has made grave charges against the Jewish population of Latvia, stating that although their cultural autonomy is secure, they do not make use of it and have not demonstrated their willingness to make use of the privileges given to them. He reproaches the Jewish leaders for the fact that in the schools and colleges maintained by the Jews, the language of instruction is either German or Russian and not any of the Jewish languages.

The Jewish press here is attacking the assimilationists who are dominating in Jewish life, declaring that they are undermining the Jewish autonomy in Latvia by their indifference to a distinct Jewish culture.

PALESTINE TO HAVE ITS OWN CURRENCY

Jerusalem (J.T.A.).—Palestine will have its own currency shortly. The government has appointed a special committee for the purpose of inquiring into the economic and financial basis of a separate Palestinian currency. The committee will take the matter up also from the historic standpoint, with a special consideration for the Jewish numismatic traditions.

The committee appointed by the government is headed by Mr. Davis, treasurer of the Palestinian Administration, and has as its members all the bank directors of Palestine, Mr. Jacobus Kann, Mr. Van Vriesland, the Director of the Customs, and two Arabs.

POLISH COURT TREATS POGROMISTS MILDLY

Warsaw (J.T.A.).—The trial of forty-two Poles, accused of participation in the anti-Jewish pogrom which occurred in the village of Lutetow on July, 1923, took place to-day in the District Court of Kalisch. One hundred witnesses were called to testify, among them the police and police officials who put down the pogrom. Seven of the accused were absent from the trial.

The State prosecutor demanded severe punishment for nineteen of the defendants. The counsel for the defendants took occasion during the trial to accuse the Polish Jews of being enemies of the Polish state, and demanded that the accused be acquitted. The Court treated the defendants mildly, giving one a six months' sentence, another a fine, and the others were acquitted.

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The Mad-House

By SIMON YUSHKEWITCH

(Copyright, 1924, Jewish Telegraphic Agency)

A dull Parisian day, casting a greyish tinge on everything around, the street-lamps gleaming funereally. The Montmartre is bathing in the rain. The street traders stand around, with their barrows heaped up with green-stuff. The pavements are bustling with people, the shop windows are crammed with fruits, meat, diamonds, chocolate. Tears of rain splash against the window panes. In a small side-street a couple of dozen motor cars have lined up, each painted a different color, and looking like so many toys. Only the chestnut man stands unconcerned, warming himself at his fire-pan. And in the bars and cafes, there is life and movement.

Nathanson and Schmirer, of Nikolaev, move about among the crowds like two lost souls. They push their way into the bar of the "Goldend Hart," sit down at a table and in execrable French order two coffees and cream, "but for heaven's sake hot!" and go on looking at each other with glad, wondering eyes. "So we have met," said Nathanson, his face beaming with joy as he looked across at Schmirer, "met in Paris on the street."

Nathanson was feeling happy. Two extraordinary strokes of luck in one day. In the morning he had bought a restaurant from a broken-down Frenchman for next to nothing. "True," he thought, "I haven't enough money to pay the Frenchman, but I'll get it from Berson, and if Berson hasn't got it, he will get it from Zireson."

And in the afternoon, walking along the street, he had run into Schmirer, his old friend Schmirer, of Nikolaev, run into him in Paris, of all places. Who had ever thought that Schmirer was still alive? He had been sure that Schmirer had been shot or had died in the famine. And here is Schmirer, large as life, facing him across the table, in Paris. And what do you think Schmirer is doing for a living? Dealing in antiques! Schmirer, the shoe merchant of Nikolaev, dealing in antiques!

"Well, Schmirer!" Nathanson said, when the garcon had placed on the table two tall glasses of coffee and cream. "Let's drink while it's hot. Of course, it doesn't taste as good as our coffee in Nikolaev, but it isn't bad coffee, is it?"

"I know," said Schmirer, fingering his glass thoughtfully. "It isn't like our coffee in Nikolaev, but I am getting used to it."

"And how is business?" Nathanson asked, recalling his lucky stroke of business in the morning.

"Not bad," acknowledged Schmirer, "not bad," and he looked round in a puzzled way, as if he were not quite sure where he was. "Things are not bad, but, you know, it isn't Nikolaev."

"And what if it isn't Nikolaev?" Nathanson asked wonderingly, gulping down his hot coffee.

"You see," Schmirer answered gravely, "that is the trouble." He drew the tips of his fingers gently across the glass. "It is nothing at all, and it is everything. Nikolaev has been torn out of my heart, and it is a wrench to have a town which you love plucked out of your heart. You remember my book-shop in Nikolaev? Well, now I am an antique dealer, and business is going well. I am not complaining, Nathanson, but it's a strange thing, isn't it?"

"When I first came here, I was a silly donkey. I let myself be fooled into a timber business, and I nearly lost all my money. And it was our own Jews who did it. But I am not angry, you know. What is money after all? Dirt!"

Nathanson gaped, and hid his astonishment with a smile of understanding. "After all," he thought, "I have done a good stroke of business to-day. It's raining outside, it's dull and miserable, but I'll take it, the coffee has warmed me."

"You understand me," Schmirer went on, "the human head is a mad-house. There is a madman lodged inside, always thinking mad things. Tell me, Nathanson, what do I want? What am I short of? What does he want of me, the madman who sits inside my mad-house? What does it matter if I am not a shoe-dealer, but an antique dealer? I'm not in Nikolaev now. I'm in Paris. But the madman in me won't let me rest."

"I have my madman too," Nathanson replied, calculating meanwhile that he ought to make a couple of hundred francs on his day's business. "Suppose we have another glass of coffee?" he asked.

"All right," agreed Schmirer, placing his ten fingers down on the table. "You understand, Nathanson. I can't give my madman what he wants. If God himself came down on earth he couldn't give it to him. Can I give him Nikolaev? I ask you, can I give him Nikolaev?"

"It does seem a job," Nathanson answered, feeling that a clammy hand was touching his soul.

"You see," Schmirer spoke again with a catch in his voice. "I sit here in Paris, in Montmartre, in a fine house, and every morning I find the milk on my doorstep, and the baker comes and brings me my bread. Whoever would have thought of such a thing? I am an antique dealer. My daughter is a typist. My son is working in a shop. What more do I want? I want Nikolaev, you understand? The devil take me! I want my wife to go out into the market place of Nikolaev and come back home and tell me all the gossip of the town, everything that is happening in Nikolaev. What do you think of the madman, Nathanson?"

"Do you think my wife hasn't tried going to the market here? But it isn't the same thing. What's the use of it, if you come to my home and smell a Nikolaev dish, fish full of pepper and good hot, steaming potatoes? It isn't enough, I tell you. It's only the outside of it. And my madman keeps reminding me of it. He wants the synagogue, the little synagogue in Nikolaev. There is a synagogue here, too, but what comparison is there?"

"In Nikolaev I was president of the synagogue. And here—who am I here? There's a group of Frenchmen standing across the street. Ask them who I am? What do they know about me? The cat standing at the doorway there is of more importance to them than I am. But in Nikolaev it was different. I was somebody, wasn't I, Nathanson?"

Nathanson felt a sadness coming over him. He forgot all about his good stroke of business in the morning. Something began tugging at his heart-strings, a sickness fell upon him and grew stronger and stronger.

"Who was there in Nikolaev I didn't know?" Schmirer went on. "Who was there in Nikolaev who didn't know me? If I bought my wife a new coat, everybody in the town knew about it, came into the house and wished her well to wear it. In every home in the town it was known that Schmirer had bought his wife a new coat."

And here, no matter what I do here, nobody will take the slightest notice of it.

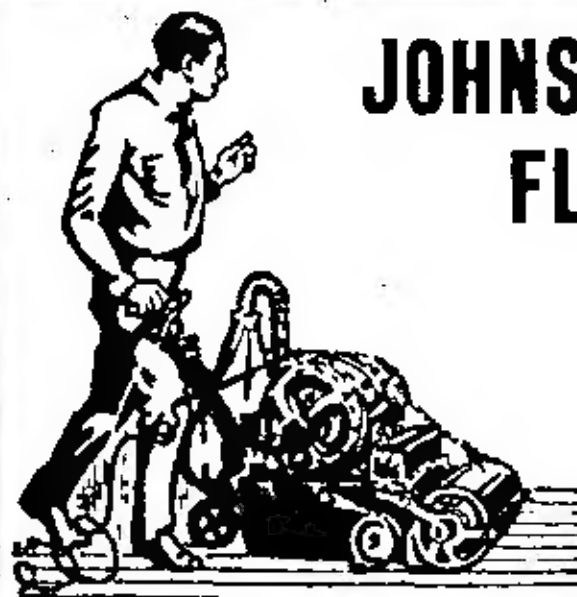
"Now I ask you. Is it essential that I should be known here? I keep on telling my madman that it doesn't matter. But what's the use? He wants Nikolaev. He wants the market-place in Nikolaev, and the little synagogue in Nikolaev and the friends of Nikolaev and the cemetery of Nikolaev. He won't listen to reason. He's mad! He wants Nikolaev. He would rather have the cemetery of Nikolaev than the whole of Paris. You understand? Here, when I am dead, where will I be buried? In Nikolaev I knew where they would put me. There

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the cemetery waiting for me. There was my mother and my father and my grandmother and my grandfather. There were my friends, my relations and good old Doctor Nahumowitch. I had my own people there, you understand? And here—what have I here? With whom will I lie here? Who will come to visit my grave in this great city? Who will think of me here?"

"Well," Nathanson sighed, "you are a nice friend to meet! You are driving me mad with your talk."

Schmirer looked abashed and turned his head away. "I suppose you too have your madman," he replied. "Don't you ever ask yourself, why did this Bolshevism come? Whom did it hurt that I had my little shop, with my stock of shoes? Idiot! Couldn't they do without it?"

"Nathanson, my son is going to get married. She's a French girl. Jewish, but she's more French. She is not of our people. What will I do with her? Why must I be an antique-dealer? I am a shoe merchant. Don't you understand

me? I was a part of Nikolaev and Nikolaev was a part of me. My madman keeps on urging me home, back to Nikolaev. "Go back home!" he shouts. "How? Where is my home? What has been left of it? Who is there? One has been shot and the other has died during the famine, and the third died of the epidemics, the fourth has run away, like you, like me. The synagogues are closed. The cemetery is destroyed. There is no Nikolaev left. Don't you understand?"

"I sometimes go to a restaurant with my wife and my children. I sit down among a lot of Frenchmen, I who have come from Nikolaev, and I ask myself, is it real? Is it I who am sitting here?"

"I feel that I want to cry. You understand me, Nathanson? I want to cry, when the garcon comes up and asks me what I want. I would like to tell him that I want to die!"

"My son and his sweetheart and my daughter, they like Paris. But I cannot forget how we used to live in my home in Nikolaev. I tell you, Nathanson, even if

they could give me everything here I had in Nikolaev, it would not be the same. You understand? For a little corner in Nikolaev, I would give you all Montmartre. Why Montmartre? I would give you all Paris, all France. Oh, that madman, that madman in my brain! He is driving me mad. But speaking between ourselves, Nathanson, isn't he right? Isn't it the only thing left for me, to throw myself into the river? But no! I will wait. I will run back to Nikolaev and I will stand and look at the ruins, and I will fall to my knees and kiss the ground where my Nikolaev once stood. I will go to the street where I used to have my house and my boot-shop, and I will lay myself down there, and I will lie and cry and no one will be able to stop my tears. I tell you, Nathanson, I am determined. I will go away from here, if I have to walk the whole way. I will go back to Nikolaev. I will choke if I stop here. I can't breathe."

Nathanson sat as if turned to stone. A sadness was gnawing at his heart. He saw himself back in Nikolaev. The Frenchmen at the tables nearby laughed among themselves, but he did not hear. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"You understand?" Schmirer went on. "Every man has a madman in his head, the human brain is a mad-house." He sunk his head into his hands and stared gloomily across at Nathanson.

JEWISH ORGANIZATION PARTICIPATES IN INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S PROTECTION CONFERENCE

Geneva (J.T.A.).—The League of Nations Committee for the protection of women and children in industry commenced its sessions here to-day. Eight governments and five social organizations, including the Jewish Association for the Protection of Women and Girls, of England, are represented.

JEWISH PASSOVER PROCESSION FORBIDDEN BY PALESTINIAN GOVERNMENT

Jerusalem (J.T.A.).—A public procession, planned by the Jewish organizations for the purpose of displaying the development of Palestine in recent years, was forbidden to-day by the Government.

The procession was to have been held during the week of Passover, when hundreds of Jewish tourists from all over the world will be assembled in the Holy Land. Since the anti-Jewish outbreaks of several years ago, the policy of the Palestine Government has been to forbid processions of either the Jews or Arabs during the holidays.

HEBREW TECHNICAL INSTITUTE WILL CELEBRATE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

New York (J.T.A.).—The Hebrew Technical Institute of New York is about to celebrate its fortieth anniversary. A dinner at the Hotel Astor this evening will be attended by 1,200 of the 2,000 alumni, who are now established all over the world.

LITHUANIAN SEJM REJECTS BILL FOR COMPULSORY SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

Kovno (J.T.A.).—The Lithuanian Sejm rejected at its third reading a bill introducing compulsory Sunday observance in Lithuania. This bill has been under consideration in the Sejm for a long time and has aroused considerable discussion and opposition on the part of the Jewish population, which would find it detrimental to be compelled to rest two days a week.

The sudden change of attitude on the part of the Christian National majority in the Sejm, in rejecting the bill at its third reading, is causing great astonishment.

ROUMANIA WILL FIGHT FOR BESSARABIA, SAYS BRATIANU

Head Rabbi of Kishineff Participates in Anniversary Celebration

Bucharest 12 (J.T.A.).—"If the Soviet Government uses force to contest the right of Roumania to Bessarabia, Roumania will take steps to make its right respected," declared Prime Minister Bratianu at the celebration held yesterday in Kishineff, the capital of Bessarabia.

The celebration was occasioned by the sixth anniversary of the annexation of Bessarabia by Roumania. Representatives of the entire Bessarabian population were invited to it. Rabbi Zinelson was among the active participants.

BAPTIZED JEW OBJECTS TO ANTI-SEMITIC JUDGE, FEARING PREJUDICE

Danzig (J.T.A.).—A Jew, although baptized, is not free from anti-Semitic prejudice, was the plea offered to-day by former Deputy Jacoby, a baptized Jew, in the course of a libel action brought against him in the local court.

Jacoby asked for a change of venue on the ground that the judge before whom the case was being tried was an anti-Semite. The judge argued against this plea, stating that inasmuch as Jacoby was baptized, he was no longer a Jew and had no cause to fear anti-Semitism. Jacoby insisted, however, that although he was baptized, he was still a member of the Jewish race, and therefore still subject to anti-Semitic prejudice.

The Court, unable to decide the merits of Jacoby's plea of prejudice, postponed the case pending an investigation of the argument.

NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE UNDERGOES REJUVENATION OPERATION

Vienna (J.T.A.).—Ernst Lowey, 71-year-old New York millionaire, underwent to-day at the Steinach Institute a rejuvenation operation, which has been declared successful. Lowey was recently married to a thirty-year-old woman.

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The Sabbath Lamp

By "FIDELIS"

"Rivkah! Rivkah!"

The voice of the sick woman sounded more fretful than usual; a painful hacking cough, that punctured her tremulous cry, was defined only too clearly as consumptive.

The room was poverty-stricken. The rain beat monotonously on the high window panes. The door rattled ominously as an icy wind whistled round its rusty lock. The room was lit at intervals by a fitful flame from an iron stove in one corner.

Buba Fitel lay on a bed in a corner, as far from the draughts as the room would allow. To the casual observer it was but a bundle of rags that first presented itself to his eye; as one became accustomed to the dim light, a frail, pallid woman, worn by toil and privation, was seen to toss feebly to and fro beneath her meagre covering.

Large eyes, burning in their shrunken sockets, gazed fretfully at the ceiling; bloodless lips mumbled, then smiled and groaned, as some dim memory crossed her fast failing mind. Again she called:

"Rivkah, where are you?"

A thin, girlish, though tired voice answered her—

"I'm coming, I'm coming!"

A door on the opposite side of the room opened, and a faint streak of light filtered over the stained floor.

Rebecca—or Rivkah, as her grandmother called her—was a tired, thin girl of eighteen summers. A tangled mass of dark hair surrounded her pale face; dark, tragic eyes looked out upon a world that had been all too cruel. For to Rebecca the world had been cruel, very cruel, and often she had wished that something might happen, something that would relieve the dull monotony of it all. But every day came and went, and still Rebecca lived on in the same dreary way.

She crossed the floor, and went gently to the old woman's bedside, and laid her cool hand soothingly on the burning brow. Buba Fitel stirred restlessly, and the girl withdrew hastily.

"You called me, Buba!"

"Aie, aie," replied Fitel; "how long have I slept?"

"Over an hour," replied the girl. "It is now five o'clock."

"Then Shobbas was in half an hour ago. Go, Rivkah, get the goya, and bring me the candle, that I might bless them; and tell Yonkele to sing his Yigdal here by my side."

She didn't see Rebecca step back, and an expression of horror crossed her pale face, for Rebecca had done what she had never done before. She had forgotten to light the Shobbas candles, and now it was too late.

"Hurry, Rivkah," cried the old woman pettishly.

Rebecca glanced at her grandmother and decided it were unwise to tell her that she had forgotten to light the lamp.

"Yes, yes; I am going. Yonkele," she called, "Yigdal," and as in a dream she left the room. Once in the kitchen, she leant wearily against the wall to think. Why had she forgotten? Everything happened at once. Jacob had been cleaned for Shobbas, their meagre meal attended to, her father had not returned from the chevra, and in the worry and responsibility of everything she had overlooked the candles. Afraid of Buba Fitel, yet more afraid to light the lamp on Shobbas, Rebecca could find no solution to the problem. At last an idea in the shape of Mrs. Smith, the goya, presented itself to Rebecca's mind.

"Mrs. Smith, grannie calls for you to bring in the Shobbas lamp to her, and I have forgotten to light it. Quick, light these two candles for me, and take them to her as she wishes."

Mrs. Smith, a sturdy cookney, who

burning on Sabbath, looked pityingly on the girl.

"Beccy, you're dead beat, dearie," she said. "Rest a bit, and I'll fix up the old 'ooman oright with 'er candles."

The look of fear on Rebecca's face puzzled her.

"Don't ye worrit, she won't never know," she consoled.

Mrs. Smith was a kind-hearted woman, with a sturdy bunch of children of her own; the fears and "superstitions" of these Jewish children she could understand.

She lit the lamp, and with a sigh, marched stiffly into the room.

"'Ere you are," she said cheerfully; "and 'ow are you feeln' now, mum?"

Fitel shook her head pettishly, and beckoned Mrs. Smith right to her bedside.

Slowly she raised her feeble fingers over the pale light; reverently she commenced the blessing. Rebecca stood in the doorway gazing fearfully on the picture before her.

As the first word escaped Buba Fitel's lips the first candle spluttered and died, and dropped noisily to the ground. Ere that had fallen, the second one followed, and the empty lamp shook in the trembling hand of Mrs. Smith. Superstition had overcome her, and with a frightened look she hurriedly left the room. Painfully Fitel raised herself, and in a trembling voice called Rebecca. As if attracted by some unseen force, the girl slowly crossed the room, till she stood by her grandmother's bedside.

Fitel caught the girl's wrist with her feeble fingers. Rebecca made no attempt to draw away.

"Rivkah! Rivkah!" she whispered hoarsely. "When did you light the Shobbas lights? They have never gone out before."

Suddenly Rebecca threw back her head. A wild hysterical laugh broke from her, but no words came from her parched lips. Like magic the truth flashed across Fitel's mind—almost as a vision that a dying woman might see.

Coughing piteously and trembling violently she cursed Rivkah with all her failing strength.

Terror-stricken, Rebecca flung herself on her knees, and clutched frantically at the old woman, who had fallen back exhausted on the springless bed.

"No, no!" she cried hysterically.

"No, not that, please, no—"

Suddenly her hand came in contact with something cold—very cold. She sprang back hastily, and gazed into the staring eyes of her dead grandmother!

Timidly she crept nearer, fascinated by the awful figure on the bed. Strange—strange; everything was so quiet. The silence was terrible after the angry words of the dead woman.

Rebecca longed to get away—to hide, to laugh, to cry. Yet she still stood as in a trance, gazing at the quiet form on the bed. At last she was roused by Jacob's whispering. "Beccy, I'm hungry. Mrs. Smith's gone, and I'm all alone in the dark." Jacob could read the Torah like a man, yet he was as much afraid of the dark as other children. As in dream, Rebecca went into the other room, and gathered the cold and crying little Jacob in her arms, and brought him near the remains of the fire to await his father.

"Will I sing Yigdal?" asked the child.

"Yes," said Rebecca.

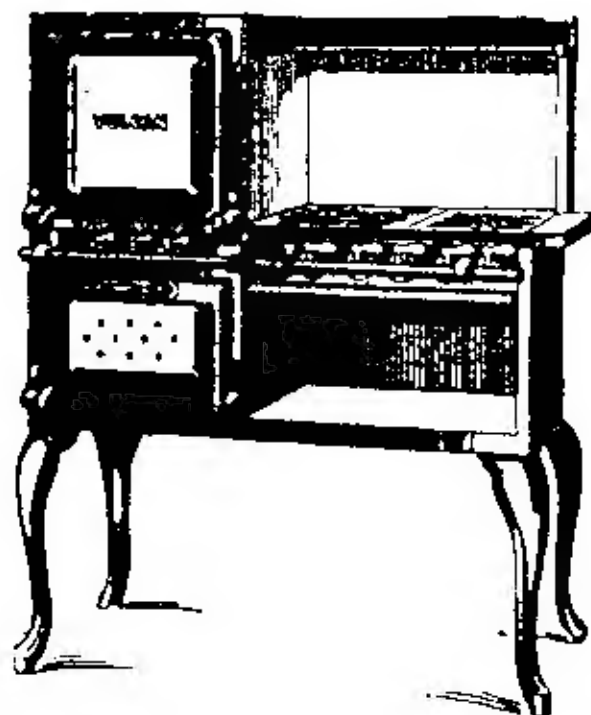
And in a sweet, childish treble he commenced to sing.

Nothing else broke the strange quiet, but the monotonous drip, drip of the rain outside. So they sat; Jacob singing and Rebecca thinking, casting frightened glances to the corner where Fitel's body lay, waiting for their father, Rabbi Shemuel ben David, who had never been so late before for

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CONGREGATIONAL

HOLY BLOSSOM HEBREW CONGREGATION, BOND STREET

Passover Services

Passover service for the first day, Saturday, April 19, 10.15 a.m. Rabbi Brickner's sermon: "Mah Nishtanoh, or Wherein Are We Different?" Choir music. Service for the concluding day Friday, April 25, 10.15 a.m.

Regular Sabbath services, Saturday, April 26.

Monday Club

The Monday Club will read for discussion Pirandella's three plays in the volume entitled "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

Class in Judaism

The last session of the class in Judaism, auspices Council of Jewish Women and Temple Sisterhood led by Rabbi Brickner, takes place Monday afternoon, April 21, at 2.30 in the Community House, St. George Street.

Sunday School

Owing to the Passover Holiday, there will be no sessions of the Sunday School on Bond Street or of the Collegiate class on Sunday morning, April 20. Sessions resumed Sunday morning, April 27.

CONGREGATION GOEL TZEDEK, UNIVERSITY AVENUE SYNAGOGUE

Daily Services

Daily morning services, 7 a.m.; Sundays, 8.30; Mincha services for April, 6.45; Maariv, 7.

Holiday Services and Sermons

Passover commences at sundown, Friday, April 19. First Seder night, Friday. Evening services in the Synagogue for Friday and Saturday commence at 7 o'clock; morning services for Saturday and Sunday at 9 o'clock. Rabbi Siegel will deliver sermons both days at 11 o'clock. The Rabbi's sermon for Saturday morning: "A Hedge of Roses" treating of the importance of ritual and ceremony. Sermon for Sunday morning: "Who Speaks for the Jews of Toronto?" Public invited.

Troop 59 of the Boy Scouts, Rabbi Siegel, chaplain, will observe Synagogue Parade on Sunday, April 21, and will worship in a body at the University Avenue Synagogue.

Pupils of Sunday School see Biblical Film

Through the courtesy of N. W. Davidson, who is exhibiting "After Six Days" at the Tivoli, the children of the Goel Tzedek Sunday School and their friends saw the film at the Synagogue chambers on Sunday, April 13. There were about four hundred children present. Rabbi Siegel expressed his thanks to Mr. Davidson. Mr. Harry Levin operated the machine which was provided by Mr. S. Taub and Mr. Frank O'Byrne.

Congregation Join Zionist Federation

The Congregation Goel Tzedek, University Avenue, has joined the Federation of Canadian Zionists by a unanimous vote taken at a recent meeting of the board of governors.

ENGLISH JEWRY SUPPORTS ORT RECONSTRUCTION FUND

London (J.T.A.).—The Reconstruction Fund of the Ort, the Jewish society for the promotion of agriculture and trades among the Jews in Russia, has gained the support of influential Jewish circles in this city. Many prominent Jews have already subscribed to the Fund which plans to raise the sum of \$1,000,000 for the purpose of continuing the reconstruction work in Russia carried on by the Ort. Among those who have pledged their support are Israel Zangwill, Mr. Spielman, the vice-president of the Anglo-Jewish Association.

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President

The visit of Mr. David Lvovitch, a member of the European Committee of the Ort, has been very successful here as in France, where he enlisted the support of many prominent Jews. It is expected that the first series of the Fund, amounting to \$100,000, will be sold here within a very short time.

JEWISH AUTONOMOUS REGION ELIMINATED FROM RUSSIAN COLONIZATION PLAN

Moscow (J.T.A.). The plan to start Jewish colonization in South Russia and the Crimea, with a view to establishing a Jewish autonomous province, has undergone a change. A group of practical reconstruction workers have prepared a new plan which eliminates entirely the political tendencies attached to a colonization project calling for an autonomous Jewish region.

The changed plan calls for immediate action in starting the settlement of Jewish families on the available land in

South Russia and the Crimea. The new plan is having the support of the government and of responsible Jewish social workers. The Soviet Government is willing to reserve until a certain time large tracts of land in the neighbourhood of the existing old Jewish colonies in the Ukraine and the Crimea, freeing the settlers from taxes and giving them other facilities.

According to reports received here from densely populated Jewish regions, it is evident that the economically ruined population regard this project as their only salvation from their present distress.

It is stated that the originators of the plan intend to take immediate action toward the settlement of the first 1,500 Jewish families. For this purpose the sum of \$1,000,000 will be required. Emphasis is made that unless this sum is raised immediately, a great historic opportunity for the solution of the Jewish economic problem in Russia, which is now acute, will be lost.

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TORONTO SOCIAL

All Society Items and other local notes should be communicated to the office of the Review by 5 o'clock each Tuesday afternoon in order to appear in the current week's issue. Wedding and engagement announcements will not be printed unless they bear the telephone number of the sender. Telephones Adelaide 7628-7629.

Mr. and Mrs. Jule Allen, 58 St. Andrew's Gardens, will be "at home" Sunday afternoon and evening, April 27, in honour of the bar-mitzvah of their son, Gurston. (No cards).

Mrs. Sigmund E. Lyons, Douglas Drive, gave a luncheon and theatre party, in honour of Mrs. B. Adles, of New York, the guest of Mrs. William Gittes.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Simon and sister, Miss Hummel, South Drive, have returned from New York.

Mr. Sam Bernstein, Hillholme Road, is on his way to Japan and China, on an extended business trip. He will sail on the "President Pierce" from San Francisco.

Miss Pearl Finberg, Brunswick Ave., entertained at bridge Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Dunkelman, Rowanwood Avenue, have returned from Atlantic City.

Mrs. J. J. Allen, Roxboro Drive, entertained a few friends at bridge Thursday afternoon.

Misses Ray and Lisa Jacobs, Greenville Street, entertained on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Levy, Raglan Avenue, are expected home from abroad on Sunday.

Mr. Sam Kronick, Madison Avenue, has returned from New York.

Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Pollock, Rushton Road, entertained the family on Sunday evening, in honour of their eldest son Oscar's birthday and Mr. and Mrs. E. Palter, who leave for Europe in May.

Mr. Murray Griss, Crawford Street, has returned from Sarnia, where he gave a successful concert. While there Mr. Griss was the guest of Dr. Kenny.

Mrs. A. Freeman, Connaught Court, has returned from Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Segal, of Hamilton, spent the week-end in the city.

Mrs. D. Abramovitz, Breadalbane Street, returned from Pittsburgh.

Mrs. M. Stopeck, Coxwell Avenue, is spending the holidays at Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. Philip Koren, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., will spend the Passover holidays with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. Maldaver, Euclid Avenue.

Mrs. N. Finkelberg gave a birthday party on Sunday in honour of her youngest daughter, Jessie. About thirty children were present. The assistants were Misses Sylvia Finkelberg, Sally Bordoff and Shirley Shutter.

Miss Betty Bochner, of this city, has graduated as a nurse from the Hudson City Hospital and will remain in Hudson until the latter part of May to become a registered nurse.

On Sunday evening last in the Yellow Room of the King Edward Hotel, the Toronto Chapter of the Habonim Order held its first banquet in honour of Disciple H. L. Sourkes, Senior Steward of the Grand Lodge of Montreal. The Grand Host, Mr. Harrison M. Lehrer, was toastmaster. Disciple Sourkes spoke and toasts and addresses were delivered by Disciples H. M. Smith, D. B. Goodman, D. Dunkelman, S. Kronick, A. C. Solomon, and C. I. Benjamin. Among those present were: Messrs. H. L. Sourkes, H. M. Lehrer, D. Dunkelman, S. Kronick, H. M. Smith, A. C. Solomon, C. I. Benjamin, R. Lieberman, C. Oelbaum, L. Mintzer, M. Keyfetz, B. Vise, J. Friedland, H. Kohen, H. Papernick, D. B. Goodman, A. Shatz, S. Smith, M. Bernstein, R. H. Soren, L. Ceifetz, and Dr. C. A. Markowitz.

Miss Jennie Cohen, Palmerston Boulevard, returned from Rochester, N.Y., where she visited with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Nusbaum.

Miss Faye Levine, of New York, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. Vise, Cedarvale Mansions.

Mrs. Jack Schwartz, Barton Avenue, entertained at the Primrose Club, on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Percy Shulman and children, Indian Grove, are visiting her parents,

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, of Quebec, over the holidays.

Mr. Irving Selick, of Montreal, spent the week-end in the city.

Mrs. Samuel Dalgorf, Patricia Drive, celebrated her daughter, Moraly's fifth birthday, at the Jewish Children's Home, Annette Street. Sixty children were present. The tea table was decorated with pale blue tulle and pale pink sweet peas, arranged in baskets and centred with a birthday cake and five candles. Favours were placed at each plate. After games the children danced and recited. Each child was presented with a gift. The assistants were Miss Rose Levy, superintendent of the home, Misses Emma Kaufman, Beatrice Kaplan, Florence King, Esther Dineburg, Mollie Hyman, Mrs. Harry Kaufman and Mrs. Joseph H. Winters.

Rabbi and Mrs. B. R. Brickner, Lonsdale Road, have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. S. Finestine, of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Singer, baby and nurse, Wells Hill Avenue, left Friday for Montreal, to visit Mrs. Singer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Berlind.

Mrs. Irving Meyers, of Rochester, N.Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Granatstein, Madison Avenue.

Miss Anna Goldblatt, of Owen Sound, has returned after spending the winter in Kinston, North Carolina. On her return trip she visited with relatives in Norfolk, Va., New York and Toronto.

Rabbi and Mrs. B. R. Brickner, Lonsdale Road, entertained at dinner on Sunday, in honour of Miss Lisa Jacobs, whose marriage is to take place in June.

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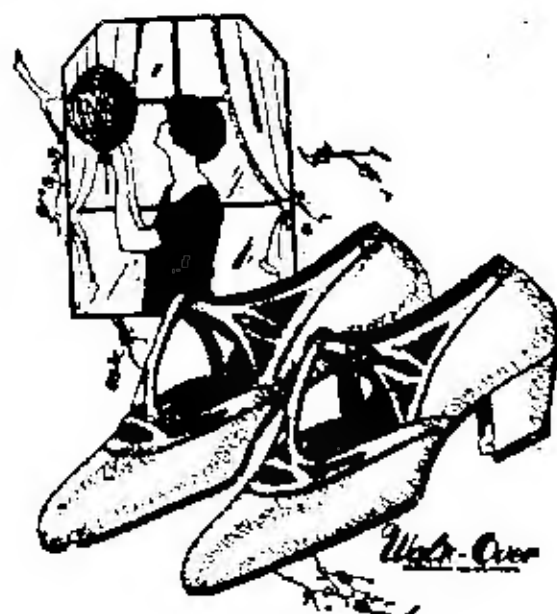
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Robert Simpson Company Limited

Miss Dollie Levinter, Palmerston Boulevard, returned home on Thursday after an extended trip through the States.

Miss Gertrude Davidson, Grace Street, spent the week end in Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Mr. A. K. Epstein, of Chicago, spent the week-end in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Sakoi, of Pittsburgh, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Levinter, Wychwood Avenue, left for Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Rothbart and Miss Alice Goldblatt, Grenadier Road, are spending the Passover holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Goldblatt, of Owen Sound.

Mrs. Theodore King entertained a number of her Toronto friends at a luncheon and bridge on Friday afternoon at her home in Whitby.

Miss Ray Lewis, who is in training at the Binghamton, N. Y., City Hospital, and Mrs. A. Lewis, of Detroit, are spending the Easter holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lewis, Manning Avenue.

Miss Lilian Milan entertained a number of friends at her home on Sunday, in honour of Miss Betty Morrison and her fiancé, Mr. Dave Klein, of Montreal.

Mrs. E. Pullan, 285 Russell Hill Road, is giving her home for a Passover musicale "at home" next Tuesday afternoon. The officers of the Naomi Chapter of Hadassah will assist in receiving the guests.

Miss Sue Bushohm is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bushohm, Queen Street West.

Mrs. F. S. Hutner and daughter, Florence, of Detroit, are spending the Passover holidays at home.

Mrs. Edsel Meretsky, (née Bertha Smith) of Windsor, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith, Lakeview Avenue.

Rabbi and Mrs. M. H. Levy, Bathurst Street, have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Nat. Levy, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Miller and daughter, and Mr. Harry Shiller, of Montreal.

Mrs. Harry Clavir, Huron Street, is spending the week end in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hollinger and family, of Madison Avenue, are spending the Passover holidays as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Packer, Park Avenue, Montreal.

Mr. A. J. Freiman, of Ottawa, spent Sunday in the city.

Mrs. J. Shleser, Geoffrey Street, entertained twenty-five children on Saturday, March 29, in honour of her daughter Harriet's eighth birthday.

Mrs. Eli Harman, Mrs. Sam Markovitz and Mrs. Morris Markovitz were joint hostesses at a shower in honour of Miss Ray Markovitz, a bride of next month, at the home of Mrs. Herman, Brunswick Avenue. The guests were received by Mrs. Herman, assisted by Mrs. Harry Penny. Refreshments were served from a table covered with a Madeira and lace cloth centred with spring flowers. Miss Anna Markovitz cut the ices. The assistants were Mrs. S. Catzman and Mrs. R. Beube.

Morris Herman, Grace Street, entertained twenty children on Saturday evening last, in honour of his only brother, William Bernard's thirteenth birthday. Dancing and music. Refreshments were served at a table decorated with roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herman, Grace Street, gave a reception on Sunday

in honour of their son, William Bernard. Mrs. Joseph Herman received the guests, gowning in a crepe romaine beaded gown. Dinner was served to one hundred guests. Mr. S. Forman was toast master. Rabbi Levy, Dr. Esser and William Bernard Herman spoke. Cantor Saitz entertained with several vocal solos.

ANNUAL FEDERATION MEETING
TO DISCUSS CHANGES
IN POLICY

At the annual meeting of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies at the Primrose Club, 41 Wilcocks Street, next Tuesday, April 22, at 8 p.m., there will be the usual reports of the constituent societies and election of ten new trustees for a period of three years, in accordance with recent amendments to the Federation constitution. Changes in Federation policy and an extension of its activities for the coming year will be discussed, with Louis Brenner, of New York, social service worker, principal speaker.

The immigrant families recently arrived are being taken care of with the co-operation of the special Immigrant Aid Committee. Due to the Passover holidays, additional relief had to be arranged for the many families being handled by the Family Welfare Board. With the relief department and other forms of aid well standardized, the Federation has in the past few years been able to devote its attention to constructive and preventive work and the Boys' Club House, the Girls' Club House and the Summer Camp are now being emphasized.

Invitations for the annual meeting have been sent to all Federation members. Public invited, irrespective of membership.

PASSOVER MEETING

A joint Passover meeting will be held by the Toronto Branch of the Women's

Avenue Synagogue on Monday, April 28, programme by pupils of the Sunday Schools and Talmud Torah. Mr. Nathanson, speaker.

QUEEN ESTHER LODGE

A board meeting was held on Monday, April 14, at the home of the regent, Mrs. Scharf. Mrs. Bregman and Mrs. Harris appeared before the board and were accepted as coming candidates. Open meeting Wednesday evening, April 30, at Orange Hall. Mr. A. E. Smith will speak to the lodge on "Is the modern community organized to save and develop the lives of children?" Musical programme. Judaeon Benevolent and Friendly Society invited. Friends welcome. Theatre committee are Misses Shapiro and Aarons and Mesdames Covent and Levine. Next meeting Monday, April 21, at Orange Hall.

GOEL TZEDEK JUNIOR SOCIETY

The newly organized Junior Society of the Goel Tzedek Synagogue will meet Sunday, April 27, at 8.30 p.m., at the synagogue chambers. Rabbi Siegel will speak on "The Jew in Modern Literature. Musical programme. Members, prospective members and their friends invited.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUE

The Young People's League of University Avenue Synagogue, on Sunday evening, April 13, heard Prof. C. A. Chant, head of the astrophysics department of the University of Toronto, speak on astronomy. Rabbi J. L. Siegel moved the vote of thanks, seconded by Mr. J. D. Pearlstein. Mr. H. Wilkinson played the piano. Refreshments. Dancing.

Passover dance, Saturday, April 26 (last night of Passover) in the vestry

A PAS

The Na ladies of musicale a E. Pullan Tuesday a table is t Friedman.

At the valles Ave a meeting noon.

Hadassa Zionist Bu ing, April

HABON AND

On Sun Hotel, Mr. of the Gr Order, ded ter of th disciples.

Officers Harrison Solomon; junior ste guard, R. Oelbaum.

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Mr. Ben life of Sir I first prize a Oratorical at the Ce Lahman, a received se life of Pres

Six tea organized a soft ball le for boys no

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IMMIGE

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COUNCI

The Cou meet at the day, April tions for o Passover te

HAR GL

There ap ing on the p the perform Theatre. who wish to desirous of public, as th entirely from endowment

Each play with a matin evening per tion are pop seats are fift

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A PASSOVER MUSICAL-AT HOME

The Naomi Chapter have invited the ladies of Toronto to their Passover musicale and tea at the home of Mrs. E. Pullan, Russell Hill Road, next Tuesday afternoon. The Passover tea table is to be in charge of Mrs. M. Friedman. Silver collection.

At the home of Mrs. Shall, Roncesvalles Avenue, the Miriam Chapter held a meeting and bridge last Monday afternoon.

Hadassah Council meets at the Zionist Building next Wednesday evening, April 23.

HABONIM ORDER DEDICATED AND OFFICERS ELECTED

On Sunday last at the King Edward Hotel, Mr. H. L. Sourkes, senior steward of the Grand Lodge of the Habonim Order, dedicated the new Toronto Chapter of the Order and initiated the disciples. Disciple Sourkes spoke.

Officers elected were: Grand host, Harrison M. Lehrer; captain, A. C. Solomon; senior steward, H. M. Smith; junior steward, C. I. Benjamin; inner guard, R. Lieberman; outer guard, C. Oelbaum.

JEWISH BOYS' CLUB MEMBERS WIN PRIZES

Mr. Benjamin Dean, speaking on the life of Sir Edmond Walker, was awarded first prize at the Inter Community Clubs' Oratorical Contest last Friday evening, at the Central Y.M.C.A. Mr. Harry Lahman, also of the Jewish Boys' Club, received second prize for his talk on the life of President Wilson.

Six teams have been entered in organized soft ball leagues and a house soft ball league is now being organized for boys not making the teams.

Mr. B. Rothstein, formerly of the Central Tech, will coach the track and athletic teams.

NORDAU GIRLS' DANCE

The Nordau Girls' Club dance, Bloor and Brunswick Avenue, Tuesday, May 6.

HERZL ZION CLUB

An informal social evening and dance will be held at the Herzl Zion club-rooms, Sunday evening, April 20. Open to members and their friends. "Kosher" refreshments. Mr. A. Salutin and Mrs. S. Salmansky are new members.

Last meeting in the old club-rooms, Sunday afternoon, April 20. Committee reports. Next meeting in the new club-rooms on Beverley Street.

IMMIGRANT AID COMMITTEE

The Emergency Jewish Immigrant Aid Committee meets Sunday, April 20, at 8.30 p.m., at the Jewish Boys' Club, 218 Simcoe Street.

COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN

The Council of Jewish Women will meet at the Community House, Thursday, April 24, at 2.30 p.m. Nominations for officers for the ensuing year. Passover tea.

HART HOUSE OPEN TO GENERAL PUBLIC

There appears to be a misunderstanding on the part of many people regarding the performances given at Hart House Theatre. The plays are open to all who wish to attend, and the Syndics are desirous of the support of the general public, as the theatre's expenses are met entirely from this source, there being no endowment or subsidy of any kind.

Each play is presented for one week, with a matinee on Saturday; the Monday evening performances of each production are popular priced, as all reserved seats are fifty cents (no amusement tax).

MARRIAGES

Bube-Katz

and Mrs. Zeldkind, when the marriage was celebrated of Minnie Katz to Mr. Saul Bube, Rabbi Gordon officiating. The bride wore crepe embroidered in gold beads. The guests were received by Miss Zeldkind, only sister of the bride, wearing a gown of black georgette embroidered in silver beads and Mrs. Jacks, sister of the groom, in a gown of brown crepe trimmed with various coloured beads. The rooms were decorated with spring flowers and various coloured streamers. Covers were laid for forty. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Billett, Mr. and Mrs. Bube, Mr. and Mrs. Krangel, Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. Podnos, Dr. Podnos, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Jacks, Mr. E. Berman, Mr. J. Fine, Mr. H. Fine, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fine, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fine, Mr. and Mrs. Frankfort, Miss Adeline Fine, Miss Ida Pollock, Miss Sylvia Jacks, Miss Ray Berman, Mr. and Mrs. Ruderman, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Lavinne, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. S. Bube left for a trip to Buffalo and New York.

Flanzer-Levine

Mr. Jacob Levine, Brunswick Avenue, announces the marriage of his daughter, Julia, to Mr. Herman Flanzer, of Wilmington, Delaware, on March 18.

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Baitcher, of Grange Avenue, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Claire, to Mr. Jack Wittenberg, of New York.

BORN

A son to Mr. and Mrs. I. Hymowitz (nee Florence Le Vine) of Detroit, on Tuesday, April 8.

OBITUARY

On Sunday, April 6, the death occurred suddenly of Mrs. Betsy Levine, of Manchester, England, mother of Arthur Levine, Cowan Avenue, and Sarah Rubenstein, Crawford Street. Shiva at 157 Cowan Avenue.

Classified Advertising

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For rent, bath flat, 3 or 4 rooms, sink in kitchen, phone and all modern conveniences. 591 Bathurst, Trin. 8362w.

HORTHY, AWARE OF MURDER PLAN, PERMITTED ITS OCCURRENCE

Vienna (J.T.A.).—That Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, knew beforehand of the plan to murder the Socialist editor, Semogyi Baco, and permitted it to take place, is the revelation made by Venitsky, the former Minister of the Interior in Hungary. Venitsky's statement was reprinted in the "Wiener Abend" from the Hungarian newspaper, "Azulsa."

NO SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE TO NEGOTIATE ANGLO-ARAB TREATY

Cairo (J.T.A.).—No special representative will be sent to England by the Hedjas for the purpose of negotiating an Anglo-Arab treaty, according to information from a semi-official source. The negotiations which have been going on for some time will be continued through the usual channels with Major Bullar, the British representative at Jeddah.

King Hussein, it is reported, is resentful over the fact that Premier MacDonald did not extend his congratulations to him upon his assumption of the Caliphate, whereas on the occasion of Zaglul's appointment as Prime Minister of Egypt, the new Prime Minister was felicitated by the Premier.

FORMER POALE ZIONIST, NOW COMMUNIST, ARRESTED FOR COMMUNIST AGITATION

Warsaw (J.T.A.).—Gerson Dux, whose plan name is Admoni, has been arrested for Communist agitation among the Jewish workers. Dux, who is a former Poale Zionist, was

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(Signed) RABBI J. L. GRAUBART
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Vienna (J.T.A.).—A new crime in Austria is changing one's first name. Leib Grauer, a Jew, was fined by the Court for registering at the Police Station as "Leon" Grauer.

SENATE IMMIGRATION COMMITTEE ACCEPTS BILL WITH NO PROVISION FOR CLOSE RELATIVES

Washington (J.T.A.).—The Immigration bill submitted by the Senate Sub-Committee on Immigration to the full Immigration Committee, and which contains no provision, similar to the one in the Johnson Bill, exempting close relatives of American citizens from the quota, has been accepted by the Senate Immigration Committee without change. The bill, which will probably come no farther

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The Jew Seeking a Job in New York City

By SIDNEY D. KLUGER

Reports that the Jew is being discriminated against in New York City's commercial field have led to an investigation conducted by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency.

Jewish Job-Seekers Find Door of Opportunity Closed

"She's a good girl; she's a CHRISTIAN."

These are the words, spoken in a low conversational tone over the telephone, which virtually thundered in my ears as I entered the office of a well-known employment agency in New York City. Thus the proprietor assured the prospective employer that she had the very girl that he wanted for a vacancy in his office. During the half hour I spent in that office awaiting my turn with the other applicants, the very air was permeated with the word, Christian. An elderly man stepped into the proprietor's office and told her that he was looking "for a good-looking girl, and a Christian." I was handed an application blank and proceeded to fill it out. Cole was as Christian a sounding name as I could think of and I used that for my last name. Opposite "Nationality" I filled in "American." My personal appearance was not Nordic enough to deceive the trained Semitic eye of the proprietor and she asked my religious preference. I answered "Jewish" and she placed that over the word "American." Evidently nationality meant something different to her than I had been taught in school.

When upon investigation one finds that it is almost an utter impossibility for a trained Jewish worker to obtain employment in the New York offices of banking concerns, construction companies, distributors of soap used in almost every home, a company which controls the oil industry, leading department stores and legions of other nationally known concerns whose products or services are used daily by millions of Jews, one may see that the problem, long recognized as serious, has assumed alarming proportions. They do not hang out the "NO JEWS WANTED" sign. They are too good business men for that. They have more tact. When asked rather bluntly by the individual whether or not they discriminate against the Jew, they look rather surprisedly and reply "absolutely not." They tell you to send him over for an interview and close with the information that "Jew or Gentile has an equal chance—providing he measures up to their standard." But what ARE their standards? Scan their pay-rolls. How many names do you find on them that have a "taint" of Jewishness?

In answer to a question recently put to Henry Ford by a reporter whether or not he were "planning any future anti-Jewish campaigns," the auto magnate of Dearborn, Independent fame replied that he had conducted no such campaign, but had only told the facts and that HE WAS NOT OR NEVER HAD BEEN AGAINST THE JEWS. If this man who has come out so openly against the Jews dare make a statement like that, do you think these discriminating firms in New York City, who enjoy such a large Jewish patronage, would broadcast the information that the Jewish employee is rather the exception than the rule in many of their departments? It is the policy of many organizations to show no partiality but the hiring of employees is left entirely in the hands of the managers of the various departments. If this manager wants no Jews employed, his wishes are usually carried out. When they call on an employment agency for trained help, they take heed that all negotiations are carried on over the telephone. In answer to the employment agency's question whether or not the firm will

standards," an admittance that Jews will not be considered is always made in the course of the conversation. The employer will not put it in writing. Your wise business man knows that were such a statement, bearing his signature on the letter head of his firm, ever to be used against him, it would mean a substantial loss in dollars and cents. He must have the Jew's business but could not under any consideration think of having him in the same office, breathing the same air.

A former manager of one of New York's most reliable employment agencies claims that in New York City seven out of every ten applicants for positions at agencies are Jews or Jewesses. Nine out of every ten agencies, his experience in Manhattan has taught him, legislate against Jews because they find it absolutely impossible to place them. The Jewish job-seeker is finding it almost wasted time to fill out an application for a position in which he must compete against the Christian notwithstanding their respective qualifications. Employment agencies have what they call a "dead file" in which they place the majority of the applications which savour of Jewishness. This same former employment manager soon found out that it was useless to send Jews "even of the better type" to the New York Stock Exchange companies, most of the leading publishing houses and exclusive men's shops. When he asked what their particular reason might be for discriminating against the Jew as a class, they answered, "Jews can't keep a secret; they are habitually late; they are untidy; they create antagonism."

Not so long ago a young man, college-trained with "personality plus," went to the National Employment Exchange, one of the largest, in hopes of being placed in one of the several positions that they had open and advertised in the papers daily. He had every qualification for the positions he sought. His only handicap was that he is a Jew. For two weeks this employment exchange, which probably has more positions on their books than any other agency in New York City, did not send him to a single employer. On all sides of him every morning he saw applicants sent out for prospective positions and placed in the course of a few days. This young man, who was versatile enough to fit into any of a score of different occupations and fill the position most capably, was not even afforded the courtesy of an interview. When he saw that time spent at the employment office was just wasted, he inquired of the placement manager why he was not sent around to at least a few of the hundred who seemingly had positions open. He felt that he was not even given a fighting chance; he knew that he could hold his own if given a personal interview. The placement manager told him frankly that they had no openings at all for Jews.

Another large employment agency made so bold as to hang a "NO JEWS WANTED" sign on its door. The sign had a short life, however, because the landlord had a little more discretion and demanded that it be taken down immediately. The blame can not be placed altogether upon these employment concerns. Years of experience have taught them that it makes for an economy of time and effort to ask the prospective employer whether or not he will consider a Jewish applicant. The way they put it is if he has any religious preference. To send a Jewish applicant to an employer who has expressed a preference for Christians means only further discouragement for the Jewish job-seeker and, most important of all, possible loss of patronage for

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Thirty-seven classified advertisements in the "Help Wanted" section of the "New York Times" on Sunday, December 9, asked all applicants in answering to state their religion. All these advertisements were blind, giving no firm name, or street number. Bitter experience and anxious waiting for a reply has taught the Jewish job-seeker that more than a mere perusal of such an advertisement is merely more time wasted. It is interesting to note that of nearly two solid pages of "Salesmen Wanted" advertisements, not one asked that the applicant state his religion. This would lead one to believe that the employer is not so discriminating when it comes to assistance in accumulating his fortune. He realizes that Jewish salesmen have a knack all their own when it comes to selling. He believes that the Jew can outsell the Christian, so he decides to let down the barrier there.

One of the favourite methods of evading the issue is for the employer to state that "he has his quota of Jews in the organization filled."

Here they take our immigration laws as an example and say, like the United States population, they must stick to percentage and keep an American flavour to their organization. Some firms, however, keep this percentage down to a fraction of one. Others place it at zero.

And then we come to the time-worn argument that the Jewish holidays interfere to too great an extent with the daily business routine. For the employee who wishes to observe the Sabbath and all the other Jewish holidays during the year, his place is with a Jewish firm of equally religious standards. The employer, however, when interviewing the applicant seldom inquires how observant he is before turning him down. The majority of the Jewish employees have learned to reconcile their religious observances with the American business calendar. He asks that he be allowed to observe two extra holidays, Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur. The "so many Jewish holidays" strikes one as being a most inadequate cloak to cover this employment prejudice.

A little more than a month ago a Jewish young lady of my acquaintance answered an advertisement of the Elsie Diehl Agency, Inc., in the *New York Times* for capable secretaries.

"What salary would you expect to start with?" she was asked by the placement manager.

"You advertise \$25 and \$30 positions; I believe I am capable of filling one of these."

"Oh, you can't get one of those positions. We might be able to place you at \$15 or \$18; you are a JEW."

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A SHOE FOR EVERY FOOT

"There's an Astoria Shoe to comfortably fit any foot" is one of the statements made in the advertising of Scott-McHale, Limited, London, manufacturers of the famous Astoria Shoes for men, and one will immediately concede this to be a fact after looking over the styles shown by their representatives in any city in the Dominion.

Astoria Shoes need no introduction to the general public of Canada. They are without a doubt one of the finest examples of the expert shoemaker's handicraft one could hope to see and quite easily and emphatically put to blush the statement one so often hears to the effect that Canadians do not know how to make shoes as well as our American cousins.

Astoria Shoes of finest solid leather, custom-made and beautiful lines, are really a credit to Canadian manufacturers. Their styles are of the latest, their widths perfect and their leathers the best.

COURSE IN HEBREW INTRODUCED AT VIENNA UNIVERSITY

Wien (J.T.A.).—The Hebrew language

"I AM THE ARMY," DECLARES LUDENDORFF AT TRIAL

Munich (J.T.A.).—Declaring "I am the Army and responsible for its victories. I glory in my life-work for Germany," General Ludendorff concluded the bold justification of his actions in the Hitler-Ludendorff putch at his trial here. He then dramatically announced, "The Nationalist movement alone can save Germany."

A very sympathetic audience attended the final day of the trial. There was much cheering and applause for the anti-Semitic sentiments, some members of the audience being moved to hysteria. Ludendorff and Hitler, in the role of heroes, were showered with flowers and other tributes by the women.

A verdict is expected on April 1. The prosecuting attorney, in his summing up last week, demanded a sentence of eight years for Hitler, and one of two years for Ludendorff.

The rest of the defendants followed the same line of defence as their leaders, accusing the Jews of all the troubles that have befallen Germany and avowing their own intense patriotism; again calling the Jews traitors and deserters, again accusing them of having caused the German revolution, and making the original charge that the Jews were allied with the "Catholic International."

KING HUSSEIN ANXIOUS TO RESUME ANGLO-ARAB TREATY NEGOTIATIONS

London (J.T.A.).—That King Hussein, the new Caliph, is ready to negotiate an Anglo-Arab treaty, a matter which has been under consideration for some time, appears from a report in the London Post. The report states that Hussein has cabled to Premier MacDonald to send a responsible official to Hedjaz to resume discussions on the treaty; or should the Premier prefer it, King Hussein is prepared to send his delegate to England.

The negotiations for an Anglo-Arab treaty have been pending since Hussein, in consideration of his service to the Allies, was promised an independent Arab country. The impossibility of one Arab state being apparent, the plan was for a Pan-Arabian Confederation to include the Hedjaz of which Hussein is King, Transjordan, Mesopotamia and Palestine.

A treaty was prepared by Hussein's representative in London, Najer Asil, prior to the Amman conference, and, ready for signature, it was sent to King Hussein at Amman. The conditions of it, however, were unsatisfactory to Hussein, who declared that his representative had overstepped his authority in granting some of the concessions, particularly those favouring the Jewish National Home in Palestine. The treaty was then declared officially "lost" and the representative recalled. In the meantime Hussein has been proclaimed Caliph, on condition that he secure for the Arab countries the promised independence, and the conclusion of an Anglo-Arab treaty has become for him a matter of moment.

In circles close to the British Colonial Office, it is not believed that Premier MacDonald, in the face of the present situation, will give the matter early attention.

STREET WILL BE NAMED AFTER BALMACHSHOVES

Kovno (J.T.A.).—The City Council is considering naming the street where Balmachshoves died, "Dr. Eliashev," in his honour. Balmachshoves, whose real name was Dr. Isadore Eliashev, was a well-known Jewish writer and critic of Kovno.

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**GERMAN ANTI-SEMITES TURN TO
PAGAN WORSHIP**

Berlin (J.T.A. Correspondence).—The extent of the Anti-Semitic movement in Germany can be gauged by the fact that there are several Nationalist bodies, such as the "German Order," which are actually worshipping Wotan, and other ancient Germanic gods, in an effort to get rid of all association with the Jews through Christianity.

This is in line with a previously reported incident in the Protestant Lorenz Church in Nuremberg, when, during a flag consecration ceremony, the clergyman pronouncing the blessing over the banner in the name of "Our Lord, Jesus Christ," was interrupted by loud

AFTER SIX DAYS

Presenting with the touch of the supreme artist an array of characters and scenes comparable only to a kaleidoscopic panorama pulsing with life, drama and colour, the picture carries the spectator through a swiftly moving narrative, beginning with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and ending with the immortal Songs of Solomon. The story of Cain and Abel, the dramatic project of the Ark and its gigantic building, the outstanding figure of heroic Noah, the cataclysmic flood of the waters, the thousands of artisans erecting that frenzied monument, the Tower of Babel, the awe-inspiring cleansing and destruction of the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah with a terrible visitation of brimstone and fire, the gripping story of Joseph and his Brethren; all these are pictured with a dramatic intensity and generosity of colour and action that fill the eye and hold the attention spell-bound. "AFTER SIX DAYS" sweeps on and on from startling climax to stupendous thrill until it reaches the pinnacle of dramatic intensity in the tremendous battle scenes between the Egyptians and the followers of Moses. The sufferings of the Great Prophet and his people, the miracles wrought by the hand of the leader, the pathetic death which put a period to the career of Moses; all of these fairly tingle with life and pathos on the silver sheet. The magnificence, the gorgeous beauty of the Court of Solomon, the blare of trumpets, the fads and foibles of kings and rulers, the pageantry and romance of the days of Pharaoh; all these are part of "AFTER SIX DAYS."

SHEA'S

The Avon Comedy Four head the bill at Shea's Theatre next week with harmony singing and eccentric dancing. Paul Morton and Naomi Glass present "April" in two showers, a combination of wit and melody.

George Dufranne, the noted Canadian French tenor, has an international reputation in opera and concert. He will be assisted at the piano by Carl Stelzell.

Eddie Carr with George Edwards and Grace Keaman offer a skit called "Oil." Florence Brady is a singer of jazz. Ted Lorraine and Jack Minto with Mlle. André, premier ballet dancer, offer an adaptation of "Moths and Flames," a miniature revue. Lillian and Henry Ziegler, exponents of modern equilibrium and Shea's News Review complete the bill.

POLAND CREATES SPECIAL OFFICE FOR AFFAIRS OF NATIONAL MINORITIES

Warsaw (J.T.A.).—The Polish Government has decided to create a special Under-Secretariat of State for the affairs of the national minorities in Poland. It is reported that Senator Kosciuszka will be appointed to the new post.

The Polish press carried a denial of the reports recently circulated that the Government intends to take diplomatic steps toward the abolishment of the national minorities treaty.

Poland, in establishing the new office, follows in the footsteps of Soviet Russia, Lithuania and Ukraine, who were the first states in Eastern Europe to recognize the needs of national minorities by establishing special departments for them.

The leaders of the national minorities in Poland, to which belong the Germans, Lithuanians, Ukrainians and Jews, are greatly interested in this sudden decision of the Polish Government. The fact that the Government gives recognition of the existence of a minorities problem might indicate either a reversal of its former position that there were no national minorities in Poland and that all the inhabitants ought to be considered Poles, or that the new office has been created for the purpose of checking national feeling.

In this connection, the fact that the man slated for the new post is a leader of the National Democratic Party, known for its extreme chauvinism and anti-Semitism, is significant.

TURKISH GOVERNMENT WILL NOT ABOLISH GRAND RABBINATE, SAYS GRAND RABBI

Constantinople (J.T.A.).—The Turkish Government will not abolish the Grand Rabbinate in Turkey, the Turkish Hakam Bashi, Effendi Bejarano, declared to-day in an interview given to the representative of the J.T.A.

The Grand Rabbi further declared that the Turkish Government is tolerant to the Jews and its order closing the non-Turkish national

SEJIM UNANIMOUSLY ELECTS JEW TO SUPREME STATE TRIBUNAL

Warsaw (J.T.A.).—Prof. Moses Alersband, of Lemberg, has been unanimously elected by the Sejm a member of the Supreme State Tribunal. The other seven members on the Tribunal are Poles, the Jews being the only minority group now represented on it.

The Supreme State Tribunal is the ultimate judicial body of Poland, and has the power to pass upon the constitutionality of Sejm legislation.

RITUAL MURDER POSTCARDS CONFISCATED BY AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT

Vienna (J.T.A.).—Picture postcards depicting ritual murder scenes were put on the market by the anti-Semitic Hakenkreuzler Party, in preparation for the approaching Passover holidays. The Attorney-General of Austria ordered the confiscation of these picture cards as being obscene and unfounded. The Hakenkreuzler Party appealed from this decision of the Attorney-General to the Court, but the Court to-day confirmed the confiscation order, stating that in its opinion they accuse the Jews wrongly and agitate the population.

GRANDSON OF FAMOUS JEW PUNISHED BY POLE FOR ANTI-SEMITISM

Warsaw (J.T.A.).—Antony Slonimski, the grandson of a famous Hebrew writer and the son of a baptized Jew, in the third generation, a rabid anti-Semite, was put to shame by the Polish artist Szczuka, when the latter slapped his face in the presence of many guests in a café.

Slonimski, who is a talented Polish poet and whose grandfather was Chaim Selig Slonimski, the Hebrew writer, mathematician and editor of the Hebrew Daily Haezera, recently wrote an article in the "Wladomow Literackie," a literary periodical, charging the Jewish artists with polluting Polish art. He also stated that ninety per cent. of the Jews were white-slavers, that Jewish art was dirty, and finished by attacking the young Polish poets for associating with Jewish artists. The upshot of this article was the incident in the café by Szczuka, who, although a Pole, resented the statements.

Slonimski recently visited Palestine and upon his return wrote many complimentary articles. It is reported that he is at present in a nervous state verging on insanity.

PROTEST AGAINST EXCESSIVE POLISH PASSPORT FEE CAUSES DECREASE

Warsaw (J.T.A.).—The recent order of the Government increasing the price of foreign passports to \$100 caused such a storm of protest that the Government has been forced to reduce the price. Three thousand passports at a cost of \$5 each will be issued yearly to Polish emigrants desiring to go to America.

INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION REFUSES TO SUPPORT GOMPERS ON IMMIGRATION

New York (J.T.A.).—The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union has sent a letter to Samuel Gompers, in reply to his letter urging immigration restriction, refusing to participate in his campaign. Gompers in his letter appealed to the self-interest of the unionists to prevent an immigration which might compete with them for jobs; but the garment workers repudiate such a viewpoint and state that their attitude on immigration is based on humane considerations.

GOMPERS, IN SPECIAL LETTER, URGES IMMIGRATION RESTRICTION

Washington (J.T.A.).—Samuel Gompers, on behalf of the American Federation of Labour, has sent a special communication addressed to all organized labour urging support of the Johnson Immigration Bill in the following terms:

"A Bill of the greatest importance to the interests of humanity in general and labour in particular is pending in the Senate and House of Congress. The opposition to this bill is so trenchant, so active and so well-organized, and so politically influential, that there is danger that the opposition will succeed in preventing action at this session of Congress unless all organized labour and friends of humanity act immediately. The Bill is: 'The Immigration Restriction Bill.'"

"Therefore we call upon you at once to wire or write to your Congressmen, your Senators and the President, urging the passage of the Johnson Bill, with the Seamen's Amendment, which will prevent the Exclusion Laws from being partly nullified by ship-owners sending excluded persons as seamen into our ports."

The letter concludes by calling the efforts against the bill "cunning propaganda, poisoning the minds of our people," and lauding the bill.

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Goldstine

WINNIPEG

Hart Green, Mrs. Harry Grossman, Mrs. N. L. Green, Mrs. Harry Genaske, Mrs. D. Gottlieb, Mrs. C. Gallaman, Mrs. Frank Huffman, Mrs. W. Genser Vancouver, Mrs. C. Hyman, Mrs. Maurice Halter, Mrs. Max Heppner, Mrs. Lionel Halter, Mrs. H. A. Isaacs, Mrs. Max Kofsky, Mrs. Jack Korman, Mrs. Hyman Kay, Mrs. Louis Kiek, Mrs. Les Kauffman, Mrs. Ben Levi, Mrs. Albert Lyone, Mrs. Dave Lambert, Mrs. Chas. Lyons, Mrs. H. Leveton, Mrs. L. D. Morosnick, Mrs. Marcel Marcus, Mrs. E. D. Mitchell, Mrs. George Margolius, Mrs. O. Margolise, Mrs. N. I. Maza, Mrs. Chas. Portigal, Mrs. Dave Perles, Mrs. J. Rosenthal, Mrs. Douglas Rosen, Mrs. W. Krisman, Mrs. Sam Sager, Mrs. Woolf Rackow, Mrs. J. Rill, Mrs. Sam Rodin, Mrs. Sidney Robinson, Mrs. Sam. Rosner, Mrs. I. Ripstein, Mrs. Chas. Rosenblatt, Mrs. H. Steinkopf, Mrs. Max Steinkopf, Mrs. Louis Silverman, Mrs. John Sternberg, Mrs. Harry Saunders, Mrs. H. J. Samuel, Mrs. Lewis Shallet, Mrs. D. Shragge, Mrs. A. J. Shragge, Mrs. Dave Singer, Mrs. A. M. Shimbane, Mrs. Max Shapera, Mrs. Norman Tobias, Mrs. A. V. Cass, Mrs. J. M. Isaacs, Mrs. N. J. Weidman, Mrs. J. P. Weidman, Mrs. J. J. Weidman, Mrs. H. Yewdall, Mrs. L. Chechik, Mrs. Arkin, Mrs. I. J. Stein, Mrs. A. Gescheit, Calgary, Alta., Misses Molly Finesilver, Rose Zeriff, Esther Wodlinger, Buster Rosner, Freda Rosner, Dora Robinson, Anne Morganstern, Rady, Anne Levi, Flora Levi, Bessie Isaacs, Zoe Isaacs, Roe Goldstein, Beck Ginsberg, Fanny Ginsberg, Ruby Goldstine, Pearl Finklestein, Rose Druerman, Rita Druerman, Etta Coppelman, Lockport, Man., Irene Brownstone, Rowena Brownstone.

Mr. A. Slobinsky

President of the Old Folks' Home

THE WESTERN CANADA CAMPAIGN IN AID OF THE JEWISH OLD FOLKS' HOME

A first appeal is being made by the board of directors of the Old Folks' Home to Western Canada through the president, Mr. A. Slobinsky, and vice-president, Mr. E. Greenberg.

The institution accommodates thirty-six old men and women. During the year the Home provided, in addition, shelter and food for twenty-three transient Jews who were destitute. Some of these were kept for a week or more, others for a few days.

The Home, even with its large accommodation, is inadequate. Applicants are on the waiting list who cannot be considered. The board of directors are planning to solve the difficulty by remodelling an annex, capable of accommodating from ten to twenty people. A large number of old men and women came from Western points, and the Jews of the West have responded to appeals, but not in proportion to the needs of the institution, or to the number of the inmates originating from Western points.

Mrs. H. L. Druerman, Canora Street, entertained at the tea hour, Saturday, April 5, in honour of Mrs. David A. Levy, of Calgary, Alta. Vases of roses brightened the drawing room, and the tea table, where tulips, daffodils, fresias and yellow candlelight were combined, was presided over by Mrs. Allan Bronfman, Mrs. Sam Bronfman and Mrs. Frank Druerman for the first hour, later relieved by Mrs. Harry Bronfman, Mrs. Max Rady and Mrs. M. Genser. Mrs. Harry Grossman showed the guests into the tea room where the following assisted: Mrs. M. J. Finklestein, Mrs. Marcel Marcus, Mrs. J. M. Isaacs, Miss Buster Rosner, Miss Rose Druerman, Miss Rita Druerman, Miss Elizabeth Wodlinger, Miss Ruby Goldstine, Miss Sophie Lechtzier and Miss Zoe Isaacs. Those invited were: Mrs. David A. Levy, Mrs. D. Aronovitch, Mrs. A. H. Aronovitch, Mrs. J. Adler, Mrs. M. H. Abremovitch, Mrs. L. H. Abramovitch, Mrs. W. Balcovski, Mrs. E. Black, Mrs. H. Berman, Mrs. A. Brownstone, Mrs. L. Burke, Mrs. H. Bronfman, Mrs. Allan Bronfman, Mrs. Sam Bronfman, Mrs. Harry Cohen, Mrs. Louis Churchill, Mrs. Chas. Coppelman, Mrs. Jack Cohen, Mrs. A. Coppelman, Mrs. Frank Druerman, Mrs. I. Druerman, Mrs. Oscar Diamond, Mrs. M. Finklestein, Mrs. Max Finklestein, Mrs. J. Finkleman, Mrs. R. M. Frankfurter, Mrs. I. R. Fried, Mrs. Max Goldstein, Mrs. S. L. Goldstine, Mrs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Genser, who have been guests at the Fort Garry Hotel for the past ten days, left this week for their home in Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Samuel and baby Barnett have left for Toronto, where they will be met by Mr. D. T. Samuel and reside in future.

Mrs. Gordon Angel, Anderson Avenue, was a dinner hostess Wednesday, April 2, in honour of Mr. and Mrs. William Genser, of Vancouver. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Genser, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hornstein and Mr. and Mrs. J. Koffman.

Mrs. S. Freed, accompanied by her daughter, Helen, have arrived, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Kay, Canora Street.

Mrs. Sam Bere, Central Park Apartments, returned from Regina, Sask., this week, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. Rheinhorn for a short time.

Mr. N. I. Maza, Furby Street, left this week for the east, to remain for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bronfman entertained friends Tuesday evening April 8, at a theatre party, in honour of Mrs. David A. Levy, of Calgary, Alta.

Mrs. M. Genser, Arlington Street, entertained at bridge, Saturday evening, April 5, in honour of Mrs. William Genser, of Vancouver, and Mrs. David A. Levy, of Calgary. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Sam Bronfman, Mrs. Jacob Kasler and Mrs. D. Aronovitch. The guests of honour received gifts. Misses Molly Finesilver, Sophie Lechtzier, Belle Shapiro and Rita Druerman assisted in serving refreshments from a table centred with daffodils. Those present were: Mrs. William Genser, Mrs. David A. Levy, Mrs. Albert Lyone, Mrs. Jacob Kasler, Mrs. D. Aronovitch, Mrs. Dave Lambert, Mrs. N. L. Green, Mrs. Sam Bronfman, Mrs.

Mrs. Harry Bronfman, Mrs. Dave Singer, Mrs. H. Saunders, Mrs. S. Finkel, Mrs. Archie Coppelman, Mrs. H. L. Druerman, Mrs. Max Rady, Mrs. Michael Udow, Mrs. J. I. Stein, Mrs. Sam Sager, Mrs. W. Krisman, Mrs. Maurice Halter, Mrs. H. Finesilver, Mrs. Lewis Shallet, Mrs. Louis Tritt, Mrs. J. Genser, Mrs. Gordon Angel, Misses Druerman, Belle Shapiro, Sophie Lechtzier and Molly Finesilver.

Miss Lenore Forgan returned to the city this week after four months in Southern California.

Mrs. Frank Druerman, Ruskin Row, entertained ten tables at bridge Monday afternoon, April 7, in aid of the Beth Sholem Synagogue. Prizes were won by Mrs. S. H. Narovlansky, Mrs. M. Finkelstein, Mrs. H. Finesilver and Miss Rose Korman.

Mrs. Woolf Rackow and daughter, Annette, Home Street, who spent the winter in Los Angeles, arrived home Tuesday, April 8.

Mr. B. Sodomsky will sail from New York on the S.S. "Majestic," April 26, for Europe on an extended trip, and will return early in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bronfman entertained a few friends at the supper dance Wednesday evening, April 9, in honour of Mrs. David A. Levy. Spring blossoms were chosen for the centre of the table. Those present were: Mrs. D. A. Levy, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rady, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bronfman, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Druerman, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Coppelman, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Bronfman, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shragge, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grossman, Miss Buster Rosner and Mr. Samuel Shragge.

Mrs. Nat Lippman, accompanied by her two sisters, Misses Gertrude and Yhetta Finkleman, arrived this week from Los Angeles.

The Montefiore Club held a smoker at the club-rooms Sunday afternoon, April 16, for members and their friends. Two papers were read, one by Mr. M. E. Kopstein on "The Reform of the Marriage Laws," the other by Mr. Montague Stall on "The Proposed Tariff Reduction." A general discussion followed.

The 42nd Zion Troop of Boy Scouts commenced tests for second-class scout work. Seventeen boys took part in Kims Game, fifteen passed.

Rabbi Samuel has been invited to join the general executive of the Provincial Council of the Boy Scouts' Association.

A new troop of scouts and a cub pack have been organized with headquarters at the Shaarey Zedek Synagogue. Meeting days will be cubs, Wednesday, 7 p.m.; scouts, Thursday, 7.30 p.m. There are now five scout troops, 4 cub packs and three guide companies in Winnipeg, composed of Jewish girls and boys.

There was a scout and guide parade at the Shaarey Zedek Synagogue Friday evening, April 4. Rabbi Samuel spoke on "The Still Small Voice."

The fourth group of refugee immigrants arrived here Saturday, April 5, and were met by members of the Immigrant Aid Committee. There were sixty-seven in the party, of which about thirty-five were sent on to points west.

Rabbi Samuel and Messrs. A. W. Meyers, M. Halter, Lester Rice and Marcus Hyman were among those present at the funeral on Tuesday, April 8, of the late Mr. James H. Ashdown.

Rabbi Samuel addressed the members of the Mother's Allowance Auxiliary at the Parliament Buildings on Wednesday, April 9, on "Some Jewish Teachings on Eugenics."

A concert and dance, auspices of the

Free School, at the Talmud Torah, April 27.

The Shanshana Hadassah Mascots met at the home of Dorothy Plumm Sunday, March 30. The Club will be affiliated with the Ezrah Chapter of Hadassah. Plans were made to make flowers for their booth at the Ezrah Chapter of Hadassah "Fair," on Lag b'Omer, May 20 and 21. Officers and members: Sylvia Cates, president; Vivian Chudom, vice-president; Dorothy Plumm, secretary; Berna Druckman, Helen Goodman, Violet Goodman, Esther Gorsey, Evelyn Jampol, Norma Jampol, Clarise Mitchell, Gertrude Rosenthal, Lillian Saper and Lillian Arkin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Steinberg and children returned to the city recently from Los Angeles, where they spent the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Cass, Diana Court, left the city Saturday, April 12, for Toronto.

Mr. Saul Lechtzier, accompanied by Cyril Halter, Home Street, returned from Los Angeles this week, where they spent the past four months.

A birthday surprise party was given Mr. Harry Bronfman at his home, Armstrong's Point, Monday evening, April 7, by the members of his family. Dancing, Dutch supper was served at a table centred with roses and tulips.

Mr. Bert Weidman, Furby Street, arrived from the east, Monday, April 7, where he spent the past two weeks.

Miss Elsie Portigal, Elgin Avenue, returned after three months' visiting in eastern cities.

Mrs. Goodwin Joss, who has spent the past two weeks in the city, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Haid, Bannatyne Avenue, returned to her home in Minneapolis Tuesday, April 8.

Mr. R. D. Waugh addressed the meeting of the Bnai Brith, Thursday evening, April 10, on "The Administration of the Saar Valley." In celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the Bnai Brith, invitations have been issued to the lieutenant-governor, the premier, mayor and others for May 1. Informal dancing after a banquet given by the executive to the guests. Sir James Aikins will speak. Tickets obtainable from Rev. H. J. Samuel and Dr. Manly Finklestein.

Rabbi Samuel announces the following time-table for the Passover services. Friday and Saturday evenings, April 18-19, 7.15 o'clock. Saturday and Sunday mornings, April 19-20, 9 o'clock. Reading of the Law, both mornings at 10 o'clock.

A surprise party was held in honour of Miss E. Zaslaw at the home of A. H. Bodanis, 530 Flora Avenue, Saturday evening, April 5. Mr. K. Perlmutter sang, accompanied by Miss G. Simon, followed by an Egyptian dance given by Miss B. Bass and Mr. D. Levine. In sketch Mr. E. Swartsman took the leading role, assisted by Miss S. Dansker and Miss R. Perlmutter. Those present were: Misses R. Perlmutter, F. Perlmutter, S. Dansker, B. Bass, B. Levine, C. Blumas, G. Simons, R. Blumefield, L. Zaslaw, E. Zaslaw and S. Yarmikow, Messrs. A. Bodanis, M. Perlmutter, L. Herschfield, S. Bass, D. Levine, S. Grusky, B. Rosenberg, B. Shuckett, C. Krasoff, J. Gellin, P. Yarmikow, E. Swartzman, L. Matlin, L. Adelman, I. Nittikman and S. Lichty.

The Winnipeg Chapter of Hadassah met Sunday afternoon, April 6, at the Zionist headquarters. Mrs. H. E. Wilder, president, occupied the chair. The guest of honour was Mrs. Vogel, of Saskatoon, Sask., who has been traveling throughout United States and heard Dr. and Mrs. Weizmann speak. This gathering was also in the form of a memorial meeting for Capt. Joseph

Delbar in Upper Galilee on March 20, 1920. Mrs. Wilder spoke on the acquisition of the Upper Galilee territory, including the colony of Metulla passing from the hands of the French Mandate to the British Mandate. The opening of the new Hebrew University in Palestine was discussed.

An executive meeting of the Girls' Auxiliary of the Jewish Orphanage was held Monday evening, April 7, at the home of Miss Anne Shaen, Garfield Street. Miss Pearl Finkelstein, president, presided. Plans were made to hold a bridge for members and their friends at the home, Matheson Avenue, on Sunday afternoon, May 4. Miss Bala Narovlansky, with a committee, will be in charge. A set of new books for the children's library was purchased this week. "Makers of History."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Hornstein, 150 Polson Avenue, a daughter.

"Play the Game," at the Playhouse will take place April 22-23. Mr. Harry Zimmerman is general producer. Capacity houses for both nights are assured. About sixty people are taking part, all well-known performers. Several local clubs are arranging to attend in a body. Box office, Playhouse Theatre, Friday morning, April 18, for exchange of tickets and reservations.

Mrs. H. Parker was hostess at a bridge Wednesday afternoon, April 9, in honour of Mrs. I. Corne. Mrs. A. Cates, of Dauphin, Man., and Mrs. M. Stulbach, of Regina, Sask. The guests of honour were presented with gifts and prizes were won by Mrs. Lewis Shallet and Mrs. A. Kats. Those present were: Mrs. M. Stulbach, Mrs. I. Corne, Mrs. A. Kats, Mrs. H. Finesilver, Mrs. A. Berg, Mrs. Lewis Shallet, Mrs. A. Slobinsky, Mrs. Harry Berman, Mrs. Slobinsky, Mrs. Faurer, Mrs. A. Apterstein.

VANCOUVER

The marriage of Pearl, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Grossman, San Diego, Cal., to Mr. J. W. Herman, Vancouver, took place quietly April 2.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Genser, Fairview, have returned home after spending the past few weeks in Winnipeg.

Mr. W. Herman, Winnipeg, is registered at the Hotel Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Plant, Robson Street, left Tuesday April 8, for New York City.

The regular monthly bridge of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Temple Emmanuel was held in the private dining room of the Hudson's Bay and the hostesses for the afternoon were: Mrs. L. M. Gold, Mrs. M. Herman, Mrs. S. Soskin and Mrs. A. Kahn. The prizes were won by Mrs. William Sugarman and Mrs. S. Goldblum.

COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN INAUGURAL LUNCHEON

Two out-of-town visitors were present at the inaugural luncheon of the recently formed Council of Jewish Women held on Wednesday in the Rose du Barry Room of the Hotel Vancouver, with Mrs. F. R. Sugarman, president, as official presiding officer.

One was Mrs. S. M. Blumauer, director of the National Council of this Association, who had come up from Portland, Ore., for the occasion, and the other was Mrs. Ray S. David, of Denver, Colorado, who is an executive director of the Central Jewish Aid Society and president of the Denver City Board of Charities and Corrections, which post she has held under appointment from the mayor of Denver, for the past nine years.

Mrs. Blumauer officially installed the officers of the society and made a short

which has some two hundred affiliated branches in the United States, with a membership of 60,000 women, and also societies in Australia, New Zealand and about six in Canada, including Toronto, Montreal, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver. Mrs. David also spoke.

Mrs. Frankenberg sang at the conclusion of the luncheon. Several out-of-town visitors were present from San Francisco, Calgary and Winnipeg.

CALGARY

Mrs. Charles Benjamin and family have left for Vancouver, where they will remain until the late summer.

Mrs. M. Groberman entertained at the tea hour on Saturday, April 5, at her home, in honour of her mother-in-law, Mrs. H. Groberman, when forty guests assembled.

The Council of Jewish Women met at the Talmud Torah rooms on Wednesday, April 9, for election of officers for the ensuing year, with Mrs. D. Cohen being unanimously re-elected president. Other officers appointed were as follows: Mrs. H. J. Allen, 1st vice-president (re-elected); Mrs. Goldman, 2nd vice-president; Mrs. Rudolph, recording and corresponding secretary; Mrs. A. L. Barron, financial secretary; Mrs. H. W. Zemans, treasurer (re-elected). The committee of chairmen consisted of: Mrs. J. Bercuson, philanthropy; Mrs. A. H. Goldberg, religion and education; Mrs. A. Gescheit, hospitality; Mrs. A. Shnitka, Jr., publicity; Mrs. J. J. Wise, immigration; Mesdames A. Shnitka, Sr., and Sosinsky, sick and hospital; Mrs. D. Levy, programme; Mrs. Goldman, willing workers; Mrs. M. Markus, civics; Mrs. C. Greenfield, membership. The directors are: Mesdames Marks, Rothman, Libin, A. Groberman, D. Goodman, Rapoport, M. Goldstein, J. Hart, C. Bell.

Among the hostesses over the weekend were Mrs. S. Slobinsky and Mrs. J. Levin, who entertained jointly a number of their friends at the tea hour in honour of their sister, Miss May Freeman, a bride-elect.

Invitations are issued to a barmitzvah dinner on Sunday, April 13, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Groberman in honour of their son, Master Sidney Groberman.

A Passover whist drive has been arranged by the religious and educational committee of the Council of Jewish Women to be held at the Talmud Torah rooms on Tuesday, April 22.

An annual luncheon will be given in the sun-room of the Palliser Hotel under the auspices of the Council of Jewish Women in the near future.

BRANDON

Mr. Ben Barish, of Wapella, Sask., was a week end visitor in Brandon.

Mr. Sam Cooperman was a business visitor in Winnipeg on Tuesday.

Miss Ida Robinovitch returned home on Wednesday from Regina, Sask., after visiting with her sister, Mrs. R. Finkelstein for the past few weeks.

Dr. Yarry Isman is spending the week-end in Regina with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Isman.

Mrs. M. Shalit, 441 Eleventh Street, entertained at a silver tea on Sunday afternoon and evening, in aid of the Brandon Ladies' Auxiliary. Mrs. P. Cristall presided at the tea table. Assisting were: Misses Charlotte and Eva Cristall, Lily Seir, Beatrice Cristall, Dora Shalit. Miss Lillian Cooperman, treasurer of the Society, reported that

Meet a Real Drink!

For Passover

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WHISTLE

(Certified Pure)

Endorsed by the Good House-keeping Bureau of Food Sanitation and Health

Whistle Co. of Toronto, Limited

TORONTO, ONT.

FORT WILLIAM

BNAI BRITH NEWS

Under the auspices of the local Bnai Brith Lodge a social and card party was held at Bnai Brith Hall, on Sunday evening, April 6. Seventy-five friends were present. The prize-winners were: bridge, Mrs. B. Lansing; whist, Mrs. M. Panitch.

The Lake Cities Lodge, No. 696, I.O.B.B., held their regular meeting at the Bnai Brith Hall on Monday, April 7. The president, Jos. J. Gurevich, presided.

ZIONIST

Two Cities Zionist Council at the Bnai Brith Hall, on Wednesday, April 2, election of new officers and committees took place which resulted as follows: president, Mr. J. Speigel; secretary, Mr. Jos. J. Gurevich; treasurer, Mr. R. B. Cohen. The following were elected as chairmen of committees: Keren Hayesod, Mr. J. Speigel; National Fund, Mr. R. B. Cohen.

The Young People's Zionist Club held their regular meeting on Tuesday, April 8, at the Bnai Brith Hall. The entertainment committee reported with reference to May dance to be held on the 1st of May. Mr. R. B. Cohen gave a reading on Zionism. The president, Mr. I. L. Shaffer, presided.

J.I.A.S.

A meeting of the local branch of the J.I.A.S. was held on Wednesday, April 9, to make arrangements for seven immigrants who recently arrived here. Complete arrangements were left in the hands of committee appointed at the

REGINA

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Finkelstein, on April 4, a daughter. (Mrs. Finkelstein was formerly Miss Sarah Zoninfeld, of Winnipeg.)

Mr. and Mrs. S. Zalkind, Duncan Apartments, entertained at bridge on Sunday evening, April 6. The souvenirs of the evening were won by Mrs. S. Kovsky and Mr. D. Bekerman. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Kliman, Mr. and Mrs. Max Kovsky, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sandomirsky, Mr. and Mrs. S. Kovsky, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lexier, Mr. and Mrs. L. Weber, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kalef, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bercovich, Mr. G. Grosse, Mr. D. Bekerman, Limerick, Sask., and Mr. D. Loeb.

The Zion Current Events Club held a theatre party at the Capitol Theatre on Tuesday, April 8. After the show a luncheon was prepared at a restaurant. Those attending were: Mrs. S. Lexier (patroness) and the Misses M. Friedgut, G. Silverman, E. Leibovitch, S. Friedgut, P. Helman, G. Leibovitch, E. Silverman, R. Isman, F. Shragge, L. Leibovitch, S. Freedman, M. Eidis, A. Goodman, P. Cramer, F. Prosterman, A. Shragge, R. Lebarsky and H. Isman. Splendid arrangements were made and thanks are due the committee, the Misses R. Lebarsky, P. Helman and A. Shragge.

Mr. D. Bekerman, of Limerick, Sask., was a visitor in the city for a few days.

Messrs. I. and J. Finkelstein left for the East on business.

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REVIEW JUNIOR SECTION

ENTER OUR NEW COMPETITION! COME ONE! COME ALL!

All our cousins are invited to send an entry for our Passover Competition. There will be prizes for the best letters and stories, and the subject is one that I hope you will all find interesting. You are to describe a Passover party, to which you may invite any twelve of your Jewish story friends, David or Samson, Esther or little Miriam, or any of the other characters of fiction or history. It ought to be a nice party, don't you think? Because you can describe what each wore, and said and how they acted, and whether or not they helped to entertain the other guests. So let your imagination run riot, and see what delightful hosts and hostesses you can be. . . . See that your letters are addressed to 319 Bay Street, Toronto, and that they do not arrive later than April 25. Here's luck!

Cousin David.

We all join in welcoming the following cousins to our page. May they visit us often, and bring with them ideas galore to keep our section bright and merry.

Mary Fleming, 214 Gloucester Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Miriam Levine, 475 Melrose Avenue, Montreal, eleven years old.

Diana Cohen, 364 Annette Street, Toronto, eleven years old.

E. M. G., fourteen years old, Cabri, Sask.

All contribution for the Junior Section must be sent to CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW, 319 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario. Any girl or boy is welcome to join our section and to contribute poems, essays, stories, riddles, etc. Just fill out this little card and mail it at once.

REVIEW JUNIOR SECTION:

I would like to join the Cousin Family of the CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW.

My name is

I live at

I am years of age.

Dear Cousins:

There have been so many letters this week, that we're all feeling nice and cheerful and happy and merry and gay again. No little gloom demons in our little office this week!!! Do you know I wanted to tell you about a book I've just read, but the Printer Man tells me that I can have only a little teeny weeny bit of space, and I just can't tell about a book, or about anything else for that matter, in a boiled-down fashion. So I'm afraid we'll just have to wait until next week. The book is Barrie's "Little White Bird," and in it there are the darlings of little stories about Peter Pan, who was a "twixt-and-between"—not a real little boy nor a real little bird nor a real little fairy, but a little of all three, all mixed up together in such a way that he creeps right into everybody's hearts. Another time I shall tell you of how Peter Pan piped at the Fairy Ball, and about the very lovely little house that the fairies made for a little girl who stayed in the Kensington Gardens after "closing-out time."

Don't forget about our Passover competition and do write very often, my dear cousinful cousins.

Judith.

THE COMING TO CANADA

By E. M. G., of Cabri, Sask., aged 14

The sun was brightly shining upon a small village in Austria. Five small

"I wonder what Canada is like?" mused Ida, the eldest.

"It certainly isn't as nice as this is," said Bert, aged seven. "I don't want to leave dear Austria," he continued, half in tears. The other children, Mildred, Ray and Louis who kept right on with their play, didn't seem to care whether they lived in Austria or in Canada.

Mr. Wood was among those so interested in the new country, Canada. He and his wife, after talking it over, decided to cross the wide waters and find a home in Canada. Their plans were that Mr. Wood would go to Winnipeg, Manitoba, and there find employment. Then he would send for his wife and children.

The 25th of May was a dark day. Many black clouds filled the heavens as Mrs. Wood and her two eldest children stood on the platform of the station waving to a dear one on the departing train. Tearfully they bade the beloved husband and father good-bye.

Mrs. Wood did her best to keep herself and the children cheerful, but they all were so lonesome for Mr. Wood. At last after some time a letter came for them saying to get ready and leave for Canada.

It was a memorable day when Mrs. Wood, Bert, Mildred, Ray and Louis set sail across the Atlantic. Ida remained in the pretty little Austrian village, for her grandmother, an aged lady, had poor health and feared to cross the ocean.

Continued next week

BOOK-LOVER'S NOOK

1. Little Women.
2. Marjorie's Vacation.
3. Tom Swift Books.
4. Submarine Boys Adrift.
5. Motor Boat Boys on Great Lakes.
6. Radio Girls of Rose Island.
7. Tale of Two Cities.

Sent by Miriam Levine.

A LIST OF BOOKS

Just David.
The Lost Princess, or The Wise Woman.
Margaret Montford.
The Wood's Natural History.
The Little Lame Prince.
Little Women.
Grimm's Fairy Tales.
Jack A. Napes.
Barbara's Sunshine.
All the Bessie Books.
Heidie.
Girls of 1864.

Sent in by Diana Cohen.

214 Gloucester Street,
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Cousin Judith:

I have been an interested reader of your column and have now decided to write. I know I am too late for the Purim contest. My sister Fanny, belongs to your club.

I remain, cousin,

Mary Fleming.

Dear Mary:

I am ever so glad to welcome you to our page. Are you going to send us nice little stories too? Because I think it would be nice if we could print stories written by both you and Fannie. Yes, you are too late for the Purim contest, but if you hurry, you can enter the Passover one, which I think is good fun. Suppose you try!

Cousin Judith.

Dear Cousin David:

I hope you will accept me among your family of cousins. I have enjoyed the JUNIOR REVIEW very much, and hope to be able to do my part in contributions.

The 20th of this month was supposed to be the beginning of spring. It wasn't so here for it snowed a great deal that

Well I will close and leave some room for another cousin. Wishing the Club every success, I am,

E. M. G., Cabri, Sask.

Dear E. M. G.:

We are really delighted to welcome you, and hope that this first story is the fore-runner of many others. Do contribute as many stories as you can. Were you writing about people that you know in the last one, or are they creatures of your imagination? Your story is long, but it is so interesting that we shall certainly publish it, if not this week, why, next . . . either all at once, or if that cannot be done, in instalments, like a serial story. Yes, spring seems a little bit delayed, but I daresay 'twill be all the nicer when it does come. Some day I shall tell you the legend of spring. Tell us something of your life in Cabri.

Cousin David.

475 Melrose Ave., N.D.G.,
Montreal

Dear Cousin Judith:

I would like to join your cousin family. I am eleven years of age and live at 475 Melrose Avenue, N. D. de G., Montreal. I will close now, but I will send lots of jolly stories, jokes and riddles. Hoping to see this in your page.

Your cousin,

Miriam Levine.

P.S.—I'm sending my list of books that I like (you see I've read such a lot I can't put them on paper) for Book-Lover's Nook.

Dear Miriam:

You're the kind of a new cousin that rejoices the heart of Ye Maker of Limericks, Cousin David and of me! Because you're going to send us interesting articles for our page, which we all want to keep just as nice as ever it can be. Ye Maker of Limericks is so pleased and puffed up (one would think you had written to him and not to me) that he has written a tiny bit of a verse specially for you. Didn't you love "Little Women?" There are several others in that group that are just as nice. . . . "Little Men," and "Eight Cousins," and "Jo's Boys." Do come again soon.

Cousin Judith.

A Verse for Miriam by Ye Maker of Limericks

Here's to Miriam,
A cousin new
Who comes to us
With spirit true,
Promising to send us
From her pen
Stories galore
And poems ten.

364 Annette Street.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Cousin David and Cousin Judith:

This is just a letter to get acquainted with you both. Mother gets the REVIEW every Friday morning. I am very much interested in the Junior Section, and would like to enter the competition for the party. I see you have a "Book Lover's Nook," and here is a list of books that I have read.

I remain, your cousin,

Dena Cohen.

Dear Dena,

"How do you do?" says Cousin Judith, and "How do do?" sez I. . . now are we on the high road to getting acquainted? Because we would like it as much as you. And whatever you do, send in your entry for the Passover party contest. We are awfully excited about that party. I'm sure that the highest of all her Royal Highnesses could never have been as excited over even the gayest, grandest court levee. Write again soon, a longer letter.

Cousin David.

149 Seaton Street,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Cousin Judith:

In all my letters I keep on making one mistake and that is instead of putting April on my heading I put March, which isn't right at all.

You have asked me how I got my name; well, I shall tell you.

My uncle was in Muskoka last year, and sent me a boat, and on it was

tell me the history of yours, and what made you think of organizing the page?

I will close now wishing the Club every success.

Yours truly,

Bepest.

Dear Bepest,

You see, Bepest, your name is the sort of name that doesn't tell whether you're a girl or a boy. (I guess it is what would be called neuter gender, in school; but since we're not in school now, we'll just call it provocative). What sort of a boat was it? . . . a little souvenir one, or a really-truly-one-that-can-be-used boat? Occasionally when I walk a certain way, I pass a pond that is just the right size for "little-boy-and-girl-boats," and oh! what a good time the kiddies have with their galleons and barges, racing yachts and graceful sail boats! Once I saw a little boy tumble in . . . but I won't tell you about that, because, although the pond wasn't very deep, it was deep enough to make the little boy very, very damp all over, and his nurse, who couldn't have been a very understanding person, was really quite cross . . . which is something that nurses should never be . . . say we!

As to what made us think of organizing our Junior Section, I dunno . . . one day we kind of thought of it, and another day we talked about it some more, and then sure enough the next day we all woke up to realize that our Junior Section really was very much alive, and that there were a stack of letters from cousins, who were waiting for an answer. Which we answered. And, as Kipling would say, that is how it all came to be in the beginning. . . .

Aren't you going to enter our competition? Do!

Cousin Judith.

Dear Cousin Judith:

There are times when my heart is so filled with happiness that it is utterly impossible for me to express my feelings in mere words; at the present time such is my feeling. All I can say is that I am very happy that I won the competition although I thought it would be a worthier pen than mine that would write the winning essay.

While I am writing this letter the sun is shining on my desk (I am writing in school, and bringing with it a pleasant warmth, the tops of the trees, bare and misshapen, stand against a background of heavenly blue; a faint warm breeze plays amongst the flowers in the vase on the window sill. All combined they give me an idea. What about a story or poem about Spring for our next competition; or else what about an essay on Passover?

I would like to write the story of Tishah Be-ab, but I think it would be best to wait till the named holiday comes.

A happy cousin, I remain.

Fannie Fleming.

P.S. My address is Fannie Fleming, 214 Gloucester Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Fanny:

I am so glad that you are happy at winning the prize. Do come again and let us see what you can do for our Passover competition. As to your suggestion about having stories or poems about spring, I think it would be great, and we will most likely do as you say in a month or so. Why not write the story of Tishah Be-ab now if you have the inspiration, and we'll print it when the holiday comes round.

Write again soon, and tell me how you like your prize

Cousin Judith.

OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION OF POGROM INDEMNITIES CLAIM BY SOVIETS

London, [T.A.]—That the Soviet Government will include in its claims against the Allied Governments the damages caused by the pogroms committed by the armies of Generals Denikin, Yudenitch, Wrangel and Petlura, was officially confirmed to day by the Soviet delegation to the Anglo-Russian Conference here. The basis for making this claim against the Allies is the charge of the Soviet Government that the Allies, financially and morally



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Editor

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